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A

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS,

MORAL, SENTIMENTAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND AMUSING.

SELECTED AND REVISED BY

THE REV. JAMES PLUMPTRE, M.A.

FELLOW OF CLARE HALL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Amid the Smiles of Fortune and of Youth,
Thine Ear is patient of a SERIOUS SONG.
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, N. iv. l. 2.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THE favourable reception with which the two former volumes of MORAL SONGS have met, induces me to offer a *Third* to the candour of the public, and which I trust will not be found inferior to them, either in purity, in sentiment, or in poetry. The List of Authors, at the end, will shew that the greater part of them are taken from sources both of high respectability and of popularity. The same arrangement has been observed; and the reader will not be surprized, if, amidst so many songs, upon similar subjects, a similarity of sentiments, and sometimes even an imitation and adoption of older songs should be found*. Of this description are the songs on Morning, see Vol. II. p. 31. and Vol. III. p. 28. The MILLER'S DAUGHTER, Vol. I.

* In three instances I perceive that the same songs have been repeated, viz. Vol. II. p. 39 and 270—p. 198. verse ix and x, and p. 200. and Vol. III. p. 198 and 231. The first arose possibly from my meeting with the song set to music with Mr. Surr's name to it, which was perhaps intended to apply only to the music; I met with it again in Keate's Poems, and had forgotten that I was already in *possession* of it. The se-

p. 142. and THE MAID OF THE MILL, Vol. III. p. 91. and the three songs of THE BLACKSMITH, Vol. I. p. 164. and Vol. III. p. 88 and 90. and some others, which might be mentioned. But the songs, which appear similar in reading, may be rendered very different by the music with which they are set off; the latter song is sometimes an improvement of the former; the one may already be a favourite with one person, while the other is with another; and sometimes a song has been introduced, as I have before observed, not because it was good, but for the sake of rendering it less exceptionable.

The ascertaining of the Authors of the songs has been attended with some, and, in many cases, fruitless labour, owing to the too prevailing practice with the compilers of song books, of neglecting to notice the sources whence they have derived their materials. Chance has, however, sometimes directed me to that, for which I have searched in vain; thus I find that the song, Vol. I. p. 42. on THE BLESSINGS OF LABOUR, is from the opera of *The Capricious Lovers*, by ROBERT LLOYD, the friend of *Cowper*. THE BONNY SAILOR, p. 236, is by DR. JOHN HOADLEY, and THE BEE, Vol. II. p. 86. is from *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, by DODSLEY; and I find, moreover, that in altering

cond instance originated in a similar manner, the duet p. 200. being taken from a publication with the music; and the third, I suppose, from having copied the song again from some fresh book which fell into my hands at a distance of time.

the *name* in this song, as I found it in some printed collection, from *Jesse* to *Bessy**, I have merely restored an original reading. On the other hand, I have been sometimes induced, from seeing an author's name to one good production, to procure his whole works, and have found they contained nothing more worthy of preservation, at least in the lyrical way: I have particularly in mind two instances of excellent songs, which I met with in the Elegant Extracts, and I am happy in thus expressing my commendations of that work, as I have been obliged in two instances to censure it. See Introduction to Vol. I. p. lviii. and Vol. III. p. 322.

It is with much satisfaction that I avail myself of this opportunity of returning my thanks to Mr. Dibdin for the very candid and handsome manner in which he has taken my free remarks upon his songs. Mr. D. is now publishing, in numbers, a new work, which he calls THE MUSICAL MENTOR, intended to instruct young persons in the science of music. He is pleased to tell me, that he has, at my instigation, in this work, paid a greater regard to the morality and instruction conveyed in the words of the songs; and it is with his permission, that I have inserted six of them in this volume, see p. 243. 267. 275. 282. 328. 329. This volume contains fifteen songs besides of Mr. D.'s, which are from amongst those which are already become public property.

* See Introduction to Vol. I. p. xxvii.

Mr. Dibdin has lately issued out proposals for another new work, which he calls "THE YEOMAN'S FRIEND, to consist of Moral Essays, Songs, and Hymns, intended for the pleasure and edification of Agricultural Labourers. Each number is to contain an Essay, or Moral Lecture, a Song upon Rural Labours and Sports, and a Paraphrase from the Psalms, both set to Music, at the low Price of Ninepence each Number." My opinion is, that Mr. Dibdin, with his great genius and popularity as a writer and composer of songs, may render this a very acceptable work to the public; and, in the trust, that he will execute it accordingly, he has my most cordial wishes for its success *.

It was my misfortune, in my former preface, to have to controvert the opinion of a friend to my design, for such, most assuredly, I consider the Editor of the Anti-Jacobin Review, relative to a sentiment expressed in one of my songs. For the very candid manner in which my reply was received, I beg to make my best acknowledgements. It is with much pain, that I now find myself called upon to controvert the opinion of another friend, in the British Critic for August last. But the cause in

* It is with much pleasure, likewise, that I notice the publication of a Work called THE FAMILY SHAKESPEARE, in 4 Vols. 12mo. containing twenty of the most unexceptionable of Shakespeare's Plays in which the objectionable passages are omitted.

which I have engaged makes it necessary for me to defend those principles, which I conceive to be founded in truth. I beg the very respectable Editor, however, to impute what I now say solely to that cause, and to accept my sincere thanks for the very favourable manner in which he has spoken generally of my design. From such a source I must confess that praise is very acceptable. The principles, religious and political, upon which the British Critic was begun, and has been continued, are those which I am happy to avow: and it has been with great satisfaction that I have been one of the constant readers of it from the first to the present time. Controversy is in all cases unpleasant, but it is better with a friend than with an enemy.

The British Critic, while it approves the principle upon which the Collection of Songs is executed, yet thinks that I have carried the matter somewhat too far, and adds, "We do not see either with Mrs. More, whom we highly respect both for her talents and her virtues, or with the Editor, that such songs as that beginning with,

> "Since life is no more than a passage at best,
> Let us strew the way over with flowers,"

or that other beginning with,

> "A plague on those musty old lubbers,
> Who teach us to fast and to think,"

need be forced to bear the harsh construction which is put upon them."

The Anti-Jacobin Review* (for October, 1805. Vol. XXII. p. 168,) in speaking of Mrs. More's Dialogue "On the Duty of carrying Religion into our Amusements," in which she considers that species of songs, "of which the words are decent, and the principle is vicious," observes, that "unfortunately she has selected a song, as her first instance, of at least a *doubtful* tendency, and which certainly is one of the worst which she could have chosen for the support of the argument. We do not recollect all the words of this song, but the two lines of it which she quotes in proof of the justice of her position, are all that we have any occasion to consider. These are—

"Since life," &c.

"It is to the last line only that Mrs. More objects, and her objection is founded on the *assertion* that it conveys the following meaning; "Your song says, because life is short, let us make it merry. Let us

* It is, perhaps, necessary that I should apologize to the Editor for noticing that, which I had passed over in my former Preface; but the truth is, that I felt very reluctant at entering into any thing like a dispute, and having to stand my ground on what I conceived to be a more important point, I, perhaps too lightly, neglected the other.

divert ourselves so much on the road that we may forget the end." Now to *our* minds, it certainly does not convey any such meaning; nor do we see why, because a traveller strews his way with flowers, he must of necessity lose sight of the end (or object) of his journey. In order to prove her case, Mrs. More should have shewn that flowers are synonimous with sinful pleasures; but this would have been a task somewhat difficult of performance; and, we suspect indeed, that in her researches for this purpose, she would have found that the general use and application of the term, or figure, whether in poetry or in prose, would have sanctioned an inference almost in direct opposition to that which she has drawn from it in the present instance. We do not *recollect* a single instance in which '*flowers*' have been used in a bad or doubtful sense, by any writer of authority—though we do not mean to assert that they may not have been so used; but it is sufficient for the support of *our* objection, that their general application, and their obvious meaning too, are of an opposite nature; nor does the preceding line of the song justify the supposition that the writer himself employed the word in the sense here affixed to it. In our apprehension the flowers of life can only with propriety be considered as those innocent and rational enjoyments and recreations which are entirely compatible with, and, indeed, frequently arise

out of, a conscientious discharge of our duty. Of religion, we are told, " her ways are ways of *pleasantness*," and what can contribute more to the pleasantness of a way than to strew it over with flowers? It will not be denied, that truth and wisdom may go hand in hand, and where the former quits the latter for a different companion, she will find her way strewed not with *flowers* but with *thorns*. We have said thus much on a subject, (on which much more *might be* said) because we think that the objection of Mrs. More to the lines in question is fastidious and hypercritical, and therefore injurious to the general tenour of her argument, which is laudable and good; and also because it has a *tendency* to cast a gloom about religion, which, unquestionably, does not belong to her, and which is highly injurious to her cause. The other instances adduced by her are apposite and forcible; and with her concluding reflection it is impossible not to concur."

Most cordially do I agree with the worthy Editor in what he says respecting religion, that " her ways are ways of pleasantness." (Prov. xiii. 17.) That God has given us " richly all things to *enjoy*," (1 Tim. vi. 17.) and that we may partake of his good things, provided it be done with gratitude to the Giver, and without excess.—" All the days of the afflicted are evil; but he that is of a merry

heart hath a continual feast." (Prov. xv. 15.) "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones." (Prov. xvii. 22.) "Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord; and be joyful all ye that are true of heart." (Psalm xxxii. 12. also Psalm xxxiii. 1.) "Rejoice evermore." (1 Thess. v. 16.) "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice." (Phil. iv. 4.) But we must not forget, that this present life is not a state of uninterrupted pleasure and happiness, and that we are to "serve the Lord in fear, and rejoice unto him with (trembling or) reverence," (Psalm ii. 12.) And that our rejoicing should consist in that serenity of mind, that habitual *cheerfulness*, which arises from a "conscience void of offence towards God and man," (Acts xxiv. 16.) rather than in that forced "laughter," which is compared by the royal preacher to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," (Eccles. vii. 6.) which blazes for a moment till it is burnt out, and leaves its owner gloomy and cheerless. But I certainly conceive, contrary to the opinion above quoted, that the two lines in question mean more than that we are at liberty to enjoy with innocence the good things which Providence places in our way. The *most favourable* interpretation which they seem to me to be able to bear is, "*let us live a life of pleasure*," which is usually understood to mean a life of guilty

pleasure; or, at best, innocent pleasures carried to that excess as to exclude seriousness and devotion; that its votaries are "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God," (1 Tim. iii. 4.) *and lead a life *unprofitable* at least, if not *guilty*; though indeed, an unprofitable life is a guilty one, (see Matt. xxv. 30.) and "he that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth." (1 Tim. v. vi.) And these two lines appear to me to be exactly in unison with those two passages of scripture, quoted by Mrs. More, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," (1 Cor. xv. 32) and "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered." (Wisd. ii. 8.) They are exactly the sentiments of The Rich Man in the Gospel, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." (Luke xii. 19.) From the *impressions* left upon my mind by the poets and other writers, ancient and modern, *flowers*, used in this manner, seem to me not to admit a more favourable interpretation. The way of VIRTUE is almost always represented as *a steep ascent*, *a narrow path*, or *a rough*, and *thorny way;* the way of PLEASURE, which is considered as in opposition to it, is represented as a *broad way*, and *flowery*, or *wholly strewed with flowers*. My reading however is confined, and my memory not very retentive.

* See an admirable Sermon on this text by Bishop Porteus. Vol. I. Serm. xiv.

Being crowned with roses was a part of the Bacchanalian festival, as we may see in some of the Odes of ANACREON.

ODE IV*.

ON HIMSELF.

ON verdant leaves of lotus spread,
Or on the tender myrtle-bed,
Come let us drink and drive away
The cares and troubles of the day!

* Δ'.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

Ἐπὶ μυρσίναις τερείναις
Ἐπὶ λωτίναις τε ποίαις
Στορέσας, θέλω προπίνειν.
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, χιτῶνα δήσας
Ὑπὲρ αὐχένος παπύρῳ,
Μέθυ μοι διακονείτω.
Τροχὸς ἅρμαῖος γὰρ οἷα,
Βιότου τρέχει κυλισθείς,
Ὀλίγη δὲ κεισόμεσθα
Κόνις, ὀστέων λυθέντων.
Τί σε δεῖ λίθον μυρίζειν,
Τί δε γῇ χέειν μάταια;
Ἐμὲ μᾶλλον, ὡς ἔτι ζῶ,
Μύρισον, ῥόδοις δὲ κράτα
Πύκασον, κάλει δ' ἑταίρην.
Πρὶν Ἔρως, ἐκεῖ μ' ἀπελθεῖν.
Ὑπὸ νερτέρων χορείας
Σκεδάσαι θέλω μεμίμνας.

Love, his robes around him tied
With rushy ribbons, at my side
A ready minister shall stand,
And bear the goblet in his hand.
Quick as the chariot-wheel rolls on,
Life and pleasure soon are gone;
And soon this crumbling frame must fall,
And dust and ashes will be all.
Why then strew, when lost the power
To taste its sweets, the fragrant flower?
Why your precious balsams shed
On the poor relics of the dead?
Crown *me* with roses while I live;
Now your flowers, your perfumes give;
Crown me, and call a mistress fair,
And let me banish every care!
For 'tis my will, ere yet I go
To join the dismal choirs below,
To chase dull sorrow far away,
And make my life one holiday *.

This is the sentiment in the passage in Wisdom ii. which, though it must not be quoted as divine *authority*, at least presents us with a picture of the licentious in former times: "For the *ungodly* said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright, Our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy. * * * * Come on, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present; and

* See MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL TRANSLATIONS, by THE REV. FRANCIS HOWES. 12mo. 1806.
See also Odes V. and XV.

let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let *no flower* of the Spring pass by us; let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered*; let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness; let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place; for this is our portion, and our lot is this."

The same sentiments and imagery we find in Horace, as in the 5th Ode of B. I. addressed to his courtezan Pyrrha:

* After the manner in which Solomon has used this image, it seems strange that any one should have attempted to use it in a favourable light, and yet from the words *wisely* and *innocently* being *expressly used* in the following lines, we must give it that interpretation; indeed it seems that the author thought it necessary to *guard* his meaning, lest it should be taken in an unfavourable light.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

GATHER your rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a flying,
And that sweet *flow'r*, which smiles to day,
To-morrow may be dying.

Wisely improve the present hour,
Be *innocently gay,*
Slight not the pleasures in your power,
Which will not, cannot stay.

This is set to music by Mr. Carnaby, in a Collection of Six Songs published by him; and is, I believe, likewise set as a Glee, in Bland's Collection.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis?

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus drest with careless art,
Your yellow tresses bind? FRANCIS.

Again B. II. Ode iii. where he is instructing Dellius in the Epicurean philosophy,

Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium breves
Flores amænæ ferre jube rosæ;
Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

There pour your wines, your odours shed,
Bring forth the rosy, short-liv'd flower,
While fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.
Ditto.

And the IXth Ode of the same Book is in a yet more licentious strain, preserving the ideas of the *flowers*, *roses*, the Bacchanalian bowl, and the mistress.

Exactly in the same strain is the COMUS of MILTON.

Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with *rosy twine,*
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

At ALEXANDER'S Bacchanalian FEAST, (see DRYDEN'S ODE,) where his courtezan sate by his side, and he was "with love and wine at once oppress'd,"

"His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound."

In the Minstrel's Song, in the Interlude of THE TOURNAMENT in ROWLEY'S POEMS, PLEASURE, and it seems, from the second verse, that it is *not innocent* Pleasure — is represented *wreathed with flowers:*

When Battle, smething* with new-quicken'd gore,
Bending with spoils, and bloody dropping head,
Did the myrk wood of ethe† and rest explore,
Seeking to lie on Pleasure's downy bed,

Pleasure dancing from her wood,
Wreath'd with flowers of eglantine,
From his visage wash'd the blood,
Hilt‡ his sword and gaberdine.

* *Smoaking, steaming.* † *Ease.* ‡ *Hid, scattered.*

SHAKESPEARE affords us several passages to our purpose. OPHELIA in HAMLET, Act I. Scene 3, where Laërtes is giving her advice, says,

> " Good my brother,
> Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
> Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
> Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless *libertine*,
> *Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads*,
> And recks not his own read*,"

The same idea is repeated in Macbeth, Act II. where he talks of " *the primrose way* to the everlasting fire."

Again in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Act IV. Scene 5. " I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll

* There is a passage in that very fine speech at the end of the first Act of Jane Shore, which strikes me as being exactly parallel to this:

> " If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
> If, strongly charm'd, she leave the *thorny way*,
> And in *the softer paths of pleasure* stray,
> Ruin ensues, &c."

for, though the word *flowers* be not mentioned, yet as the usual correlative *thorns* is made use of, I consider *softer* to be synonymous with *flow'ry*.

Both these passages I consider as parallel to the " wide gate and broad way, and the strait gate and narrow way," mentioned by our Saviour. (Matt. vii. 13, 14.)

be for *the flowery way*, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire."

In CYMBELINE *flowers* are made to represent the vain or corrupt *pleasures* of the world, Act IV. Scene 2. Imogen, waking from her state of suspended animation, when she had been placed by the dead body of Cloten, and covered with flowers, on seeing her situation, exclaims,

> " These *flowers* are like the *pleasures of the world*,
> This bloody man the care on't*."

In the allegory of THE CHOICE OF HERCULES, (see THE TATLER, No. 97,) PLEASURE, who is considered as the opposite of VIRTUE, promises him that his " whole employment shall be to make his life easy, and to entertain every sense with its

* I am induced to give another passage wherein flowers are put to represent some of the vanities of life, not because I conceive it to be particularly applicable to my subject, but on account of the beauty of the language, and the justness of the sentiment. It is from MR. COLMAN'S (the Younger) play of THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS, Act I. I quote from memory;

" How many crowd the narrow sphere of life with those *gay, gaudy flowers* of society, those *annuals* called *acquaintance*, which do fade and die away ere we can say they blossom. While one poor *slip of friendship*, hardy, though modest, stands the Winter's frost, and cheers the owner's eye with *ever-green*."

proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, *beds of roses*, clouds of perfumes, &c." And again, after VIRTUE has made her offers, PLEASURE replies, "You see, Hercules, by her own confession, the *way* to her pleasure is *long and difficult*, whereas that which I propose is *short and easy*."

In the same allegory, translated from the Greek of PRODICUS, by BISHOP LOWTH, Hercules is introduced

while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay
Here VIRTUE's *rough ascent*, there PLEASURE's *flow'ry way*.
(See THE ELEGANT EXTRACTS, &c.)

The same distinction is to be found in The ODE of THE CHOICE OF HERCULES, set to music by HANDEL, and in The ORATORIO of THE TRIUMPH OF TIME AND TRUTH, written by DR. MORELL, one of the songs from which, and to this very effect, is given in Vol. II. p. 344, of this Collection.

We have it again in ARMSTRONG'S ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH, Book iv.

Our aim is happiness; 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who' thro' the *flow'ry paths* of *saunt'ring Joy*
Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

COWPER, in his PROGRESS OF ERROR has a passage, too much to the present subject, either to omit, or to give only a few lines of it:

Man, thus endu'd with an elective voice,
Must be supplied with objects of his choice,
Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight;
Those open on the spot their honey'd store;
These call him loudly to pursuit of more.
His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
Avarice shows, and virtue is the price.
Here various motives his ambition raise—
Pow'r, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of praise;
There beauty wooes him with expanded arms;
E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.

Nor these alone, whose pleasures, less refin'd,
Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
Seek to supplant his inexperienc'd youth,
Or lead him devious from the path of truth;
Hourly allurements on his passions press,
Safe in themselves, but dang'rous in th' excess.

Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air!
O what a dying, dying close was there!
'Tis harmony from yon sequester'd bow'r,
Sweet harmony, that sooths the midnight hour!
Long ere the charioteer of day had run
His morning course, th' enchantment was begun;
And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,
Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.

Is this *the rugged path, the steep ascent*
That VIRTUE *points to?* Can a life thus spent

Lead to the bliss she promises the wise,
Detach the soul from earth, and speed her to the skies*?

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* As Cowper is sometimes accused of gloominess and austerity, I cannot omit this opportunity of bringing together a few of those passages wherein he pourtrays the beauty, the charms, and the cheerfulness of true piety:

Artist, attend! your brushes and your paint—
Produce them—take a chair—now draw a saint.
Oh! sorrowful and sad! the streaming tears
Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears!
Is this a saint? Throw tints and all away—
True picty is cheerful as the day;
Will weep, indeed, and heave a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own. TRUTH.

When Cromwell sought for pow'r, and while he reign'd
The proud protector of the pow'r he gain'd,
Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like herself severe,
Drew a rough copy of the Christian face
Without *the smile, the sweetness,* or *the grace;*
The dark and sullen humour of the time
Judg'd ev'ry effort of the muse a crime;
Verse, in the finest mould of fancy cast,
Was lumber in an age so void of taste. TABLE TALK.

Religion, if in heav'nly truth attir'd,
Needs only to be seen to be admir'd.
EXPOSTULATION.

Yet Truth is your's, remote, unenvied isle!
And Peace the genuine offspring of her smile. HOPE.

DR. JOHNSON, in his allegory of *The Journey of Life**, (see THE RAMBLER, No. LXV.) makes

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and *a smile*
Play'd on his lips; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. TASK, B. II.

I had a Brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of manners too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles. Ditto.

* BISHOP HORNE, Vol. IV. Disc. xii. has a very beautiful sermon on this subject, *Life a Journey*, in which he certainly uses *flowers* in an *innocent* sense; but, yet, he considers the *path of Virtue* as *a rugged way*, and that we must not expect to strew it over with flowers; and has guarded the expression so as not to admit *a doubtful meaning*: "We are not, however, to expect, that we shall meet with nothing but pleasure and entertainment on the road of life. The Traveller knows he is to look for difficulties and dangers upon a journey, especially if it be a long one, and through an enemy's country. The ways may be rough, or deep, &c." "Let him not think to find the path always smooth, or to tread continually upon roses. In a world like ours, there are more thorns than flowers."

Obadiah forsake the *direct road* for a by-path, "bordered with *flowers*, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite *pleasure* with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues." * * * * He "amused himself with *plucking the flowers* that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches." At length he discovered that he had gone astray, and, "while he was tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle." He at length reached the cottage of a Hermit, to whom he related his story. The Hermit's reply, though somewhat long, will not, I trust, be inapplicable in a work devoted to amusement and instruction.

"Son," said the Hermit, "Let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the

morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety towards the Mansions of Rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the *bowers of ease*, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for awhile keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury,

and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made: that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

Upon these passages, which have indeed multiplied upon me more than I at first expected, I will rest the proof of my position, that, considered in the most favourable light, the two lines in question contain a sentiment inconsistent with the character of a Christian, who, because this life is short and a state of trial, is therefore to expect hardships and difficulties, and to look forward with hope to another and "a better country, that is,

an heavenly." (Heb. xi. 16.) Being "a stranger and a sojourner, as all his fathers were," (Psalm xxxix. 14.) he is commanded to "pass the time of his sojourning here in fear," (1 Pet. i. 17.) and to "work out his salvation with fear and trembling." (Phil. ii. 12.)

He is *the happy man*, whose life ev'n now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
* * * *
whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not her's, for he has prov'd them vain.
* * * *
Polite refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, thro' which a sensual world
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
* * * *
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceiv'd; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,

Tho' *well-perfum'd*, and *elegantly dress'd*,
Like an unburied carcase trick'd with flow'rs,
Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
COWPER'S TASK. B. vi.

Thus much may be said of the lines taken by themselves; but, when considered with their context, the meaning cannot admit of a question, and the sentiment is glaring and profligate. But it is necessary to state that the Anti-Jacobin Review expressly says, "We do not recollect all the words of this song," and, from the British Critic saying, that the song *begins* with the lines, I most fully acquit either of knowing their tendency. They are the two last lines of a hunting song, the last verse of which is:

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
How sweet is the bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day:
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;*
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let us strew the way over with flowers.

---

* The writer of this certainly did not think with Solomon, that

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.

I have quoted the verse, notwithstanding the badness of the sentiment, in the trust that no one will read it, without having previously taken the antidote which is to render the poison innoxious. This verse, in its turn, will serve as a comment upon the former passages cited.

Nor can I persuade myself that the British Critic was better acquainted with the other song which he defends, beginning,

> A plague * of those musty old lubbers,
> Who tell us to fast and to think,

For the merchandize of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies,
And all the things thou can'st desire
Are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand,
And in her left hand riches and honour,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her,
And happy is every one that retaineth her. Prov. iii. 13—18.
See this passage paraphrased by Logan, p. 393 of this volume.

* At a late Election-Dinner in the metropolis, a song was sung, which concluded with a wish, that the supporters of the present ruler in France might "all die and be d—d." I must own, that, cordially as I love my country, and the cause of

though I am at a loss to tell upon what principles so religious a writer can defend the *imprecation* in the first line, and particularly when denounced against those, whose business it is to teach the singer *temperance* and *seriousness*. The concluding verse begins with

> Then trust me there's nothing like drinking,
> So pleasant on this side the grave;
> It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
> And makes e'en the valiant more brave.

Is drinking, even when not carried to intoxication, to be considered as the chief pleasure of this life? Is it to be recommended to the unhappy to drown their sorrow in strong drink? Alas! how many an unhappy wretch has taken to it, as his refuge from sorrow, and found it the ruin of both his body and his soul? And of what estimation would be that valour, which is the effect of intoxication? Britain must look for success,—under Providence—not to the *bravery* inspired by drink, but to that sedate courage which can alone arise from patriotic feelings, from a sense of duty, and which

Religion, of Freedom, and of Humanity, I cannot hear such a sentiment without being shocked. I hope that it may please God in his own good time to rid the earth of so great a scourge; but I would wish, that he and his supporters might live to *repent* and be SAVED.

is most ardent when the head is cool, and the senses have the fullest play. The song ends with an imprecation, by the singer, upon himself, that *there's nothing like grog*. Are these the sentiments that we would wish to put into the mouths of our sailors and soldiers? I have heard, upon unquestionable authority, of a lady of quality singing this song amidst a company of officers at Portsmouth!!

A friend has suggested to me, that he thinks some of the songs, intended for festive meetings, are of too serious a nature; or rather, that there is too much *religion* introduced for so light an occasion.

With respect to the *hearers*, I have had repeated instances, that this is not the case; however *serious* the sentiments may be, if the subject be interesting, and the music be manly and cheerful, I believe they will almost always be listened to with pleasure; and songs, of even a pathetic nature, I have known introduced with great effect,—an instance of this kind is given at p. 304 of this volume. With respect to the awful Being, in whose presence we should never for a moment cease to reflect that we live, I do not conceive, that, provided immorality and impurity be avoided, we need consider it as any irreverence to Him to introduce even His name, and to set forth his goodness and mer-

cies, and inculcate the duties we owe Him, though it be done in a less *set* and solemn manner, than in that portion of our time, which we professedly set apart to devotion; that "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," whether we are engaged in amusements, to relax, and make glad the heart of man, whether we *sing* or dance, still we may "do all to his glory." (1 Cor. x. 31. see the Introduction to this collection of Songs, p. xv.) What Cowper says on the subject of *conversation* I would equally apply to *singing*, when, "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth" (Matth. xii. 34.) gives utterance to its sentiments with the voice of melody; and let us recollect, that if "men shall give an account in the day of judgment for every idle word that they shall speak," (v. 36.) it will be as much for those uttered with, as without, music.

> Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
> Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
> Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
> Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
> Who deem religion phrenzy, and the God
> That made them an intruder on their joys,
> Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
> A jarring note. TASK. B. ii.

With these sentiments I commend the present volume to the candour of the public, professing that "whether I incur censure or praise, will be a mat-

er of indifference to me, only as far as it may affect the success of my efforts in the cause of morality." (Anti-Jacobin Review.)

> But all is in His hand whose praise I seek.
> In vain the *Poet sings*, and the world hears,
> If He regard not, tho' divine the theme.
> 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
> And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
> To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart,
> Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
> Whose approbation—prosper even mine.
>
> *Conclusion of* THE TASK.

CLARE HALL,
December the 9th, 1807.

LIST OF SONGS IN VOL. III.

ACCORDING TO THEIR SUBJECTS AND TITLES.

In this Index O stands for where the song is *Original*, and O V where an *Original Verse* is added.

[For an Index of the First Lines of the Songs, and the Names of Authors, see the end of the Volume.]

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ERRATA IN VOL. III.

Page	Line		
1	6	*Add* Translated by G. Gregory, D. D.	
30	6	*for* powers *read* power	
32	4	haply	hap'ly
56	11	there should be only a comma after *dreams*,	
70	6	*for* noon *read*	moon
	19	nature's	natures
101	1	OBJECTS	AMUSEMENTS
	7	prince's	princes'
104	9	tribe	tube
111	5	sacrd	sacred
125	13	he	we
142	20	to	from
174	1	Britannia'	Britannia's
200	7	their	of
206	2	erase the second *as*	
210	8	*for* serving *read* loving	
234	7	only a comma after *me*,	
244	5	semicolon after *heav'n* ;	
	6	comma *hold* ,	
263	3	*for* With *read*	If
	4	And in	In my
273	13	Come and	may'st thou
315	20	The	Tho'
321	16	add a mark of ? after *grave?*	
350	6	*for* hear'st *read* heard'st	
352	11	add a comma after *sex*,	

A

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS, &c.

OUR COUNTRY'S VOICE.

From the Greek of "TYRTÆUS."

(See Lowth's Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, Vol. I, p. 29.)

I.

OUR country's voice invites the brave,
The glorious toils of war to try;
Where is the coward or the slave,
Who shuns the fight, who fears to die?

II.

Obedient to the high command,
Full fraught with patriotic fire,
Defcends a fmall, but trusty band,
And fcarce reſtrains th' impatient ire.

III.

Lo the hostile crouds advance!
Firmly we their might oppose,
Helm to helm, and lance to lance,
In awful pomp we meet our foes.

IV.

Unaw'd by fear, untaught to yield,
We boldly tread th'ensanguin'd plain:
And scorn to quit the martial field,
Tho' drench'd in blood, though heap'd with slain.

V.

For tho' stern Death assail the brave,
His virtues grateful mem'ry claim;
His fame shall mock the invidious grave,
To times unborn an honor'd name.

OLD ENGLAND.

I.

Who thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to roam,
He may seek a new clime who is wretched at home;
Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
May quit poor Old England whenever he will;
But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

II.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-
right I'm free;
Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
I can roam in my fields, I can feast in my hall;
My time is my own, I can do as I will,
I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

III.

I *feel* that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
I want no exotics, so easy am I;
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
With party and state I ne'er trouble my head;
Contention I hate, and my glass I love most
When THE KING and OLD ENGLAND are nam'd as
the toast.

FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

I.

While peace and pleasure's melting strain,
Securely in this island reign,
Awhile the muse with ardour glows,
To pay the debt that Britain owes.

CHORUS.

O wave awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

II.

The soldier seeks a distant plain,
The sailor ploughs the boisterous main,
With toil domestic ease secures,
The labour theirs, the pleasure yours:

CHORUS.

Then change awhile your soft delights, &c.

III.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets
Enjoy within your gay retreats,
Think, think on those who guard the shore,
Whence unmolested springs your store:

CHORUS.

And change awhile, &c.

IV.

Ye swains, who haunt the shady grove,
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
Who hear not War's tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice:

CHORUS.

Change, change awhile, &c.

V.

And ye, who, in this festive train,
Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
And gay with pleasure's airy round,
Bid cheering cups with mirth be crown'd:

CHORUS.

Amid your social dear delights,
Remember him, who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

GEORGE AND ENGLAND.

I.

WHILE deeds of hell deface the world,
And Gallia's throne in ruin lies;
While round the earth revolt is hurl'd,
And Discord's baneful banner flies:
Loud shall the loyal Briton sing,
To arms, to arms, your bucklers bring,
To shield our country, guard our King,
And George and England save.

II.

Ne'er may the desolating woe,
That shades with horror Europe o'er,
To us her hideous image shew,
Or steep in blood this happy shore;

Firm as our rock-bound isle we'll stand,
With watchful eye, and iron hand,
To wield the might of Britain's land,
And George and England save.

III.

While wide the threat'ning frenzy burns,
And prostrate nations mourn its rage,
Sternly his eye the Briton turns
To Edward's and to Henry's page:
As o'er their conqu'ring urns he sighs,
Touch'd by their fames, Great sires, he cries,
Thus may we o'er our foes still rise,
And George and England save.

IV.

Oft Fancy views them o'er the deep,
And turning (as their squadrons roll)
Where great Eliza's ashes sleep,
With triumph fills the Briton's soul.
As Drake and Raleigh catch the glance,
Advance! he cries, rash fools advance!
The grave of Spain may ope for France,
And George and England save.

V.

What prompts these restless foes of life
To dare our dreaded arms again?
What, but the hope that party strife
Hath broke Britannia's shield in twain?

But know they not when France is near,
The war of tongues is silent here,
That all may grasp Britannia's spear,
And George and England save.

VI.

Ne'er in the pinch of Britain's fate,
May statesmen's rival feuds be known,
Or faction strive with thwarting hate,
To drive the British bulwark down:
No! round the throne of this our land,
Link'd in one soul, the British band
Will firm in sacred union stand,
And George and England save.

VII.

Tho' social order sinks to ground,
Tho' all the virtues trodden lie,
Tho' fury tear the nations round,
And blood and rapine fill each eye,
Ne'er will the storm here turn it's flight,
While British hearts at home unite,
To guide our thoughts, to guard our right,
And George and England save.

VIII.

Oh, happy isle! wise order'd state!
Well temper'd work of freedom's hand!
No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
If virtue bind thy sea-girt land.

Vainly the storms will round thee ring,
While Briton's sons in concord sing,
We'll shield our country, guard our King,
And George and England save.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

I.

SHOULD fears alarm, or threats appal,
Ye British youths, attend to me,
An arm divine still guides us all,
On land, at home, on shore, at sea.
Then, O bless that Pow'r Supreme,
Obedient to his royalty,
And sing the universal theme
In strains of love and loyalty.

II.

When tempests tear, or storms retard,
The busy bark o'erwhelm'd must be;
Tho' none dare try to trim the yard,
A breath divine can smooth the sea.
Then, O bless, &c.

III.

If madness lend, or grief impart
To shatter'd sense their iron sway;
The mist that gathers o'er the heart
A ray divine can chase away.
Then, O bless, &c.

THE ROYAL PAIR.

A DUET,

From " THE FAIRY PRINCE."

BY G. COLMAN.

SEEK you majesty to strike ?
Bid the world produce their like.
Seek you glory to amaze ?
Here let nations stand at gaze !
Seek you wisdom to inspire ?
Touch then at the self-same fire !
Seek you piety to lead ?
In their footsteps only tread.
Ev'ry grace of Queen and King,
And of all, in them, we sing.

GOOD KINGS HAPPY.

BY W. DODD, LL. D.

I.

HOW Providence, with tender care
Conciliates human things !
And makes felicity the share
Of subjects and of kings !

II.

These, plac'd in humble rank below,
Commiserate the great:
And well can paint the heavy woe,
Which always follows state!

III.

"They would not have a throne," they cry,
"All thorny is a crown:
Those who on flocks contented lie
Want not the costly down?"

IV.

Happy—but surely much they err,—
As worthy Kings can tell,
Who live but favours to confer
On such as merit well.

V.

That state is certainly most blest,
Where most can be bestow'd:
Then who can doubt a King's the best,
Whose heart is great and good?

WHEN THREATENED WITH AN INVASION IN THE SUMMER OF 1803.

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

I.

ALMIGHTY God! with pitying eye
Look down upon our troubled land,
To thee alone for aid we cry,
We truft in thy all-powerful hand:
Once more let war and discord cease,
Restore again the joys of peace.

II.

With grief and shame, Lord, we confess
That our iniquities abound;
Our sins, alas! are numberless,
Light in the balance we are found!
Whilst vice on ev'ry side we see,
How dare we lift our eyes to thee.

III.

Thy holy sabbaths are profan'd;
Each daring sinner slights thy word!
Thy sacred name how oft blasphem'd;
What multitudes forget their God!
Lord, humbled in the dust, we own
Our sins have call'd thy judgments down!

IV.

A favour'd nation we have been,
Blest with the Gospel's joyful sound;
Justice in Britain held her reign,
And faithful pastors there were found:
Well may we fear, so base we've prov'd,
Our Gospel-light may be remov'd!

V.

Yet are there not a pious few
Who deeply mourn these ills to see?
For Zion's welfare who renew,
Their supplications, Lord, to thee!
Vouchsafe to hear their earnest pray'r,
And our endanger'd country spare.

PEACE.

From the Masque of "ALFRED."

BY JAMES THOMSON AND DAVID MALLET, ESQRS.

O PEACE! the fairest child of heav'n,
To whom the sylvan reign was giv'n,
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,
With ev'ry softer scene of love:
May Peace return! and cheer the weeping swain,
Return with Ease and Pleasure in her train.

PEACE.

From " IL PACIFICO."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

I.

SWEET Peace with all her smiling train
Now invests th' inraptur'd plain!
Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
Show'rs its fruits, its flow'rs, its corn;
Commerce spreads his amplest sail;
Strong-nerv'd Labour lifts his flail,
Sylvanus too attends, ('tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree.)

II.

He shall my youngling footsteps lead
Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By scooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the shepherds all appear,
To shear and wash their fleecy care,
Which bleating stand the streams around,
And whiten all the close-crop'd ground.

III.

Or up yon steep rough road the swains
Drive slow along their rolling wains,
(Where laughing Harvest crowns the stack,
And makes the pond'rous axle crack,)

Then to the village on the hill,
The barn's capacious jaws to fill,
Where the answering flails rebound,
Beating bold with thund'ring sound.

IV.

Or when the maids, in bonnets sheen,
Cock the hay upon the green;
Enchanted with this rural scene,
Here let me weave my arb'rets green:
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat
O'er my noontide cool retreat;
Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.

V.

And from my bow'r I'll tune the lay:
While list'ning birds croud ev'ry spray,
Or hovering silent o'er my head,
Their quivering wings exulting spread;
Save but the turtles, they alone
With tender, plaintive, faithful moan,
Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
Their soft thick-warbled tale of love.

VI.

Sweet birds! your mingling bliss pursuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye! constant pair! I love to note
Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;

And, ye unheard, from sidelong hills
The liquid lapse of whisp'ring rills,
I list to hear: such sounds diffuse
Sweet transports to the thoughtful muse.

VII.

Thus Summer sees me brisk and light,
'Till Winter spreads her 'kerchief white;
Then to the city's social walls,
Where tolling clock to business calls.
There the weaver's shuttle speeds
Nimbly through the fine-spun threads:
There the vocal anvil rings,
While the smith his hammer swings.

VIII.

Every man and every boy
Briskly join in warm employ.
Thro' such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
Oft croud into the rich Exchange:
Or to yon wharf aside the moat,
Where the anchor'd ships do float,
And others, hast'ning into bay,
Swell their sails in fair array.

IX.

To Albion's sons they bear the store,
That rich Peruvian mine can pour,
Wafting to Albion's smiling dames
The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,

'Till all the Indies rush into the Thame.
Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
And joys like these if PEACE inspire,
PEACE with thee I string the lyre.

FAIREST ISLE.

From "ARTHUR AND EMMELINE."

BY GARRICK.

I.

FAIREST Isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of happiness and love;
Here may Virtue fix her dwelling,
In the city and the grove.

II.

Ever from this favour'd nation,
Care and Envy far remove;
Jealousy that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.

III.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
These be all the pains you prove.

IV.

May each swain discharge his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph may prove,
And as these excel in beauty,
Those may be renown'd for love.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

I.

WELCOME silence! welcome peace!
O most welcome, peaceful shade!
Thus I prove, as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief,
While rapture's gushing tears descend,
That ev'ry flower and ev'ry leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

II.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold;
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd 'midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

III.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that Summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night;
But both shall please: and each in turn
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

I.

AQUARIUS rules the frozen skies,
Deep frowning clouds on clouds arise,
Fraught with the thunder's roar;
With fury heaves the raging main,
When foaming billows lash in vain
The hoarse resounding shore.

II.

No flowery vale now charms the eye,
No tuneful warblers of the sky
Now cheer the lingering hours;
No genial ray the groves illume,
No zephyr's waft their mild perfume
From sighs o'er vernal flowers.

III.

Though blooming scenes are now no more,
That aid the raptur'd soul to soar,
Poetic thoughts refine;
Yet still the moralizing page,
To warn an unattentive age,
These hoary scenes combine.

IV.

With this I hail the opening year,
Address the God, whose works appear
Through each harmonious round;
Who rules, serenely rules the storm,
Who gave the lurid lightnings form,
Whose thunders rock the ground.

V.

O Thou! alike where perfect day
In bright refulgent glories play
Around thy awful throne!
When seraphs glow with sacred fires,
When angels tune celestial lyres,
To hymn thy praise alone.

VI.

Still may thy providential care
With blessings crown the rising year!
Impending ills restrain!
Thy wisdom guide my youthful muse!
Thy sacred eloquence diffuse,
And consecrate my strain!

VII.

While thus revolving seasons roll,
Obsequious to thy wise control,
Obedient to thy plan;
With silent eloquence they preach,
The most important lessons teach,
To cold unthinking man.

VIII.

Behold thyself reflected here!
The Spring proclaims thine infant year;
Gay life the Summer's bloom;
Mild Autumn speaks maturer age,
Confirms thee fool, or hails thee sage;
While Winter shews the tomb.

IX.

Or view the image of thy soul,
As now the mountain surges roll,
In wild tumultuous roar;
Fit emblem of the wrathful mind,
To Anger's tyrant sway consign'd,
Where reason rules no more.

X.

Unlike its placid form, serene,
When Zephyr breathing o'er the scene,
Sheds balmy peace around;
Blest emblem of the conquering soul,
Whose ev'ry passion knows control,
While conscious joys abound.

XI.

That this may prove my bounteous share,
Ascends my ever constant pray'r,
To thee, All-perfect Mind!
O aid me in the arduous strife,
Through each perplexing maze of life,
To all thy ways resign'd.

SPRING.

A MADRIGAL.

I.

THE yellow crocus hither bring—
Who loves not the approach of spring?
Let me hail its genial powers,
Glad me with its early flowers.

II.

The coldest bosom spring can warm,
And to sweet friendship add a charm;
I feel its influence gently move,
And soften my fond heart to love.

III.

Bright solace of the cheerful day!
All nature gladly owns thy sway;
Delighted sees stern Winter yield
His iron face, and fly the field.

IV.

Often, by some bright margin green,
In gayest habit thee I've seen;
Have mark'd the soft resistless power,
In ev'ry leaf and ev'ry flower.

V.

Bright solace of the cheerful day!
Come, listen to my simple lay;
A crown of daisies let me wreath,
In Spring I live, in Spring I breathe.

E. G.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MRS. YEARSLEY, THE BRISTOL MILKWOMAN.

I.

THO' blooming shepherds hail this day
With *love*, the subject of each lay,
Yet *friendship* tunes my artless song,
To thee the grateful themes belong.

II.

Henry, I never will repine,
Tho' destin'd not thy Valentine;
O'er friendship's nobler heights we'll rove,
Nor heed the soft'ning voice of love.

III.

Strangers to Passion's tyrant reign,
Careless, we'll range the happier plain,
Where all those calmer joys we'll prove,
Which wait on Friendship's calmer love.

IV.

Yet I'll allow a future day,
When friendship must at last give way;
When thou, forgetful; shalt resign
The maid who wrote this Valentine.

V.

Think not, my friend, I dream of *love*,
That with some happier maid thou'lt prove;
Friendship alone is my design
In this officious Valentine.

VI.

Yet, when that mightier power shall reign,
And conquer'd friendship quits the plain,
This gentle whisperer captive take,
'Twill all thy former kindness wake.

VII.

But if its pleadings you deny,
And fain would have remembrance die,
Then to consuming flames consign
My too ill-fated Valentine.

A VALENTINE.

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

I.

NO tales of love to you I send,
No hidden flame discover,
I glory in the name of friend,
Disclaiming that of lover.
And now while each fond sighing youth
Repeats his vows of love and truth,
Attend to this advice of mine,
With caution chuse a Valentine.

II.

Heed not the fop, who loves himself,
Nor let the rake your love obtain;
Chuse not the miser for his pelf,
The drunkard treat with cold disdain.
The profligate with caution shun,
His race of ruin soon is run:
To none of these your heart incline,
Nor chuse from them a Valentine.

III.

But, should some gen'rous youth appear,
Whose honest mind is void of art,
Who shall his Maker's laws revere,
And serve him with a willing heart,

Who owns fair Virtue for his guide,
Nor from her precepts turns aside;
To him at once your heart resign,
And bless your faithful Valentine.

IV.

Though in this wilderness below
You still imperfect bliss shall find,
Yet such a friend will share each woe,
And bid you be to heav'n resign'd:
While Faith unfolds the radiant prize,
And Hope still points beyond the skies,
At life's dark storms you'll not repine,
But bless the day of Valentine.

THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

I.

CUSTOM, whose laws we all allow,
And bow before his shrine,
Has so ordain'd, my friend, that thou
Art now my Valentine.

II.

Ah! could my humble muse aspire
To catch the flame divine!
These are the gifts that I'd require
For thee, my Valentine.

III.

May Virtue o'er thy steps preside,
And in thy conduct shine;
May Truth and Wisdom ever guide
And guard my Valentine.

IV.

May Piety, seraphic maid!
Her influence divine
Shed on thy head, and ever lead
And bless my Valentine.

V.

Life's dang'rous paths safe may'st thou tread,
Shielded by grace divine;
And when these artless lines are read,
Think on thy Valentine.

MAY.

From " MAY DAY."

BY GARRICK.

I.

O SPREAD thy rich mantle, sweet May, o'er the ground,
Drive the blasts of keen Winter away;
Let the birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rets smile round,
And let us with all nature be gay.

II.

Let spleen, spite and envy, those clouds of the mind,
Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy;
The pleasures of Eden had blest human kind,
Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

III.

As May, with her sunshine, can warm the cold earth,
Let each fair with the season improve;
Be widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

IV.

With the treasures of Spring let the village be drest,
Its joys let the season impart;
When rapture swells high and o'erflows from each breast,
'Tis the *May* of the mind and the heart.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

LOVE reigns his season, makes his choice,
And shall not we with birds rejoice?
Attend to Nature, hear her say,
Be kind with me *the first of May.*

II.

Would you, like misers, hate to bless,
Keep wealth from youth you can't possess?
To Nature hark, you'll hear her say,
Be kind with me *the first of May.*

III.

Oh! then be bounteous like the Spring,
Which makes creation sport and sing;
With Nature let your heart be gay,
And both be kind *this first of May.*

MORNING.

From the Opera of "THE ACCOMPLISHED MAID."

BY EDWARD TOMS.

HOW delightful is the morning,
Nature's richest stores adorning
All the gay enamel'd ground;
Herbs and flow'rs each sense regaling,
Ev'ry breeze rich odours stealing,
Spreads the grateful fragrance round.

JOY.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

WHEN the sun at morn appearing
Darts around a splendid ray;
All the face of Nature cheering,
Drives the gloomy shades away,
In promise of a glorious day.

II.

[So 'mid Sorrow's night so frowning,
All is dismal, dark and drear,
But blithe Joy the day-spring crowning,
All things in delight appear,
All combine the heart to cheer. J. P.]

RURAL LOVE.

From Queen Elizabeth's Lamentation, when Prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

BY SHENSTONE.

I.

BRED on plains, or born in vallies;
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

II.

Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear:
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all the damsel's care.

III.

How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above?
Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love.

IV.

Love, like air, is widely given;
Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;
Truest, noblest gifts of heav'n!
Only purest on the plain!

V.

Nobles no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his nosegay on his breast.

VI.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowslips all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

VII.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden,
Pour a song so void of care.

RUSTIC SCENES.

BY LORD LITTLETON.

I.

O YE, who bathe in courtly bliss,
Or toil in Fortune's giddy sphere,
Do not too rashly judge amiss
Of one, who lives contented here.

II.

Nor yet disdain the narrow bounds
That skirt this garden's simple pride;
Nor yet deride the scanty mounds,
That fence yon water's peaceful tide.

III.

The tenant of the shade forgive,
For wand'ring at the close of day;
With joy to see the flow'rets live,
And hear the linnet's temp'rate lay.

IV.

And, O remember, that from strife,
From fraudful hate and frantic glee,
From ev'ry fault of polish'd life,
These rustic scenes are haply free.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PLAINS.

A Chorus from "ACIS AND GALATEA."

BY GAY.

O THE pleasures of the plains!
Happy maids, and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.

For us the Winter's rain,
For us the Summer's shine,
Spring swells for us the grain,
And Autumn bleeds the vine.

HEALTH AND DIVERSION.

From " LOVE IN A VILLAGE."

I.

LET gay ones and great,
Make the most of their state,
From pleasure to pleasure they roam;
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
Whilst enjoying the comforts of home.

II.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The pleasures I find,
No stings leave behind,
But Health and Diversion unite.

THE HAMLET.

Written in Whichwood Forest.

BY THOMAS WARTON, B.D.

I.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
Nor splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

II.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild Nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

III.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,

(No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.)

IV.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

V.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade imbowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor feel disease, before his time
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THE COUNTRYMAN.

From " WALTON'S ANGLER."

BY JOHN CHALKHILL.

I.

OH! the sweet content
The countryman doth find!
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

II.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride *:
Then care away, &c.

III.

But, oh! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart:
Then care away, &c.

IV.

Our cloathing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives,

* God made the Country, and Man made the Town.
No wonder then that Health and Virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That Life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the Fields and Groves?
COWPER'S TASK. B. I.

God the first Garden made, and the first City Cain. COWLEY

'Tis warmth and not gay cloathing,
That doth prolong our lives:
Then, &c.

V.

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
Then, &c.

VI.

To recompence our tillage,
The heav'ns afford us showers,
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers.
Then, &c.

VII.

The cuckow and the nightingale,
Full merrily do sing,
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the Spring:
Then, &c.

VIII.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Tho' others think they have as much
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away,
Turn countryman with me.

HONEST POVERTY.

From the Scotch of ROBERT BURNS.

I.

IS there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and all that,
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for all that,
For all that, and all that,
Our toils obscure and all that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for all that.

II.

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear Yorkshire grey, and all that,
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for all that:
For all that, and all that,
Their tinsel shew, and all that,
The honest man tho' e'er so poor,
Is king of men for all that.

III.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and all that;
But an honest man's above his might,
Indeed he cannot make that!

For all that, and all that,
Their dignities and all that,
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than all that.

IV.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for all that,
That sense and worth, o'er all the earth,
May bear the belle, and all that.
For all that, and all that,
Its coming yet for all that,
That man to man, the world all o'er
Shall brothers be for all that.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

I.

FREE from noise, free from strife,
In a sweet country life,
I could wish for to pass all my days,
Where innocence reigns,
Flocks cover the plains,
And birds sweetly echo their lays.

II.

How contented they live,
What joys they receive,
Though nothing but ground for their floor;
Just before the sweet cot
So delightful the spot,
Where Jessamine grows by the door!

III.

How early they rise,
Transported with joys,
So contented their days pass along!
And if justly combin'd,
With a true heart and mind,
With a wife to whom virtues belong.

IV.

Though homely their food,
Their appetite's good,
Blooming health on their cheeks doth appear;
Neither envy nor pride
With them can reside,
But happiness shines thro' the year.

V.

At sun-going down,
Their work being done,
They're the happiest people on earth;
By the oak on the green,
Each couple is seen,
With innocent pastime and mirth.

VI.

When harvest is done,
With a cheerful good song,
The blithe farmer amongst all the rest,
He will laugh, jest and say,
This is our holiday,
With beef and good ale of the best.

INDUSTRY.

Tune, Somebody.

I.

MY father was a lab'ring man,
And still a goodly race he ran,
For this was evermore his plan,
To earn his bread by Industry,
By honest Industry, &c.

II.

And when he laid upon his bed,
He prest my hand, and kindly said,
My son, remember, when I'm dead,
To live by honest Industry, &c.

III.

His words so solemn were, yet kind,
They'll live for ever in my mind,
And ever may I feel inclin'd,
To live, &c.

IV.

By Industry I keep from stealth,
My Industry is still my wealth,
And what is more preserves my health,
Such blessings are in Industry, &c.

V.

The sluggard can't ensure a mess,
Of rags and dirt's his Sunday dress,
He knows not of the happiness,
Which flows from honest Industry, &c.

VI.

To Industry my babes I'll train,
It will us all in peace maintain,
And when I die will leave again
To them this last best legacy
Of honest Industry, &c. J. P.

THE BREAD OF INDUSTRY.

BY MR. O'KEEFE.

Introduced into the "MAID OF THE MILL."

I.

THE great folks are noble, and proud let 'em be
Of titles, of honour and wealth;
That I am a Briton is title to me,
And I'm rich in a stock of good health.

Lads, stop the mill,
Be the hopper still;
When low the sun,
Our work is done;
Then we'll sit to our homely board with glee,
For sweet is the bread of Industry.

II.

Tho' in Summer I copied the provident ant,
For Winter some grains to provide;
Yet, what I could spare to a friend when in want,
I ne'er was the friend who deny'd.

Lads, stop the mill, &c.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION IN THE FIELD.

I.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue
O'er breaking clods the ploughshare's way,
Lord, teach my mental eye to view
My native dissoluble clay.

II.

And when with seed I strew the earth,
To thee all praises let me give,
Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whose breath inform'd and bade me live.

III.

Pleas'd I behold the stately stem
Support its bearded honor's load;
Thus, Lord, sustain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, thro' youth's dangerous road.

IV.

Purging from noxious weeds the grain;
Oh may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baneful root behind.

V.

When blasts destroy the op'ning ear,
Life thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to shun with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

VI.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop,
Prone to the reaper's sickle yields;
And I beneath Death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these fields.

VII.

When future crops in silent hoards,
Sleep for a while, to service dead,
Thy emblem this, O Death! affords
The path to life, which all must tread.

S. B.

THE COTTAGER.

I.

HAPPY the swain, whose guiltless breast
With conscious virtue sweetly glows,
Who sinks with placid thoughts to rest,
Unvex'd with cares, unhurt with woes;

Who on his humble couch at night
Enjoys an undisturb'd repose,
'Till morning peeps with glimm'ring light,
Then whistling to the field he goes.

II.

Where, as the fertile glebe he turns,
And tastes the pure and wholesome air,
His heart with grateful fervour burns,
He sighs, and breathes a mental pray'r.

Then soon as harvest cheers the land,
And smiling Plenty marks the hour,
The glitt'ring sickle fills his hand,
And clust'ring sheaves confess his power.

III.

And when the fierce meridian rays
The panting hills and vallies feel,
To some old shady oak he strays,
And grateful makes his humble meal.

There while contentment fills his breast,
His homely fare appears a treat,
For labour gives the whole a zest,
And makes the coarsest morsel sweet.

IV.

But when the hovels bend with weight,
And farmer's yards well fill'd appear,
The peasants meet in rustic state,
And gay rejoicings crown the year.

Or see the swain when labour's o'er,
At evening to his cottage come,
His smiling partner at the door,
Welcomes her much-lov'd husband home.

V.

His sportive children dance around,
(The finest link in Nature's chain)
And fondly tell, in lisping sound,
Their joy to see their sire again.

And when the frugal board is spread,
To him they hold their little hands,
And, ere he eats himself, are fed,
As age and appetite demands.

VI.

Then, while the faggot warms the hearth,
And crickets chirp their evening lay,
With social chat and harmless mirth,
The moments sweetly glide away.

At length they all retire to rest,
And close the day with praise and pray'r:—
Say then, is not the peasant blest,
Who leads a life so free from care?

HUNTINGDONIENSIS.

COME HERE, YE RICH.

From " THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

COME here, ye rich, come here, ye great,
Come here, ye grave, come here, ye gay,
Behold our blest, tho' humble fate,
Who while the sun shines, make our hay.

II.

The gay plum'd lady, with her state,
Would she in courts a moment stay,
Could she but guess our happy fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay?

III.

Nature we love, and art we hate,
And, blithe and cheerful as the day,
We sing, and bless our humble fate.
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay.

IV.

Hodge goes a courting to his mate,
Who ne'er coquets, nor says him nay,
But shares content a humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, they make hay.

V.

The captain puts on board his freight
And cuts thro' waves his dangerous way,
But we enjoy a gentler fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

VI.

See Hodge, and Dick, and Nell, and Kate,
In the green meadow frisk and play,
And own that happy is our fate,
Who while the sun shines, make our hay.

VII.

Come then, and quit each glittering bait,
Simplicity shall point the way,
To us, who bless our humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

THE HERDSMAN'S CHAUNT.

[The celebrated Swiss Air, called the *Ranz des Vaches*, which so powerfully operated on the feelings of the Swiss soldiers in France, that on hearing it played they threw down their arms, and wept.]

TRANSLATED BY J. DAVIS.

From "THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE *for June* 1804."

I.

SWEET, regretted, native shore!
Shall I e'er behold thee more,

And all the objects of my love:
Thy streams so clear,
Thy hills so dear,
The mountain's brow,
And cots below,
Where once my feet were wont to rove?

II.

There, with Isabella fair,
Light of foot and free from care,
Shall I to the tabor bound?
Or at eve, beneath the dale,
Whisper soft my artless tale,
And blissful tread on fairy ground?

III.

Oh! when shall I behold again
My lowly cot and native plain,
And ev'ry object dear;
My father and my mother,
My sister and my brother,
And calm their anxious fear?

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

From "THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE *for Feb.* 1806."

WHEN shall I once again behold
All the objects of my love!
Our clear rivulets,
Our hillocks,

Our hamlets,
Our mountains,
And th' embellishing of our mountains!
There, if smiling Isabel,
Under shade of spreading elm,
When shall I dance to the beat of tamborine!
When shall I once again behold
All the objects of my love!
My father,
My mother,
My sister,
My brother,
My lambs
My flocks
My shepherdess!
When shall I once again behold
All the objects of my love.

THE SHEPHERD'S CELL.

A GLEE: BY DANBY.

THE fairest flowers the vale prefer,
And shed ambrosial sweetness there;
While the tall pine and mountain oak
Oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke.

So in the lowly moss-grown seat,
Dear peace and quiet dwell;
The storms that wreck the rich and great
Fly o'er the Shepherd's cell.

SHEPHERDS.

From the Masque of " ALFRED."

MAIDS and Shepherds, come away,
Carol in the sweets of May,
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Swifter than the bounding fawns,
Frolic, buxom, blithe and gay,
Maids and Shepherds, come away.

CHORUS.

We come from hill, from dale and grove,
Faithful to friendship, true to love;
Gay health the produce of our soil,
And sweet our pleasures after toil.

THE SHEPHERDS' HOLIDAY.

From the same.

I.

ARISE, sweet messenger of morn,
With thy mild beams this isle adorn,
For long as Shepherds pipe and play,
This, this shall be a holiday.

II.

See, morn appears, a rosy hue,
Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue;
Well are we met in trim array,
To frolic out this holiday.

III.

Each maid be like the blushing morn,
That gaily brightens o'er the lawn,
Each shepherd, like the sun, be gay,
And grateful keep this holiday.

---

*JUNE.**

I.

AS ruthless Death mows king and clown,
Both flow'r and weed the scythe cuts down.
The village maids, with fork and rake,
Of verdant grass brown hay now make;
And, cheer'd by ale, to rustic tune,
Chaunt their blithe song in praise of June.

* This and the following song were taken from the bottom of two of a set of prints on each month of the year, engraved by Bartolozzi. The lines to the others were from Thomson and other authors. These, however, seem to belong to a set of songs upon the months, but no poet's name was written under them, and the editor's confined knowledge of our poets has not enabled him to discover to whom they belong.

II.

But should the clouds drain dry their vase,
And in a flood immerse the ways,
Pity, ye rich, th' industrious poor,
Nor send them hungry from your door;
And, young, or old, rich, poor, grave, gay,
While the sun shines be sure make hay.

JULY.

I.

UPON the margin of a stream,
Fit spot for a poetic dream,
Methought I saw beneath a shade,
In July's heat, a cottage maid,
And in her lap, as Samson, lay
Reclin'd on faithless Delilah,

II.

A fleecy fool repose his head,
There all his woolly honours shed.
Poor sheep, quoth I, thou'rt but a type
Of sillier man, no sooner ripe,
Than, by some shearer made a prey,
His wealth, his health, his strength decay.

THE PEASANT'S LOT.

From the Opera of "WHAT A BLUNDER."

BY JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN.

GLEE.

HAPPY is the Peasant's lot,
If he know to prize it:
Comfort lodges in a cot,
Then let none despise it.
Wholesome toil and fragrant air
Sauce our homely rustic fare:
And you see
Poor peasantry
Are merry and full of enjoyment;
While the great,
In all their state,
Are drooping for want of employment.

LABOUR.

(A Chorus of Villagers.)

From the Opera of "THE FLITCH OF BACON."

BY THE REV. H. BATE DUDLEY.

RISING with the sun to Labour,
Blithe, like him, we spend the day;
When he sets, the merry tabor
Bids us frolic, sport, and play!

HARVEST MORNING,

WITH

THE FARMER'S SONG.

BY MR. NICHOLLS.

I.

HARK! the shrill clarion of the distant vale
Gladly proclaims the ruddy-rising day;
Sloth faintly hears the rude, unwelcome tale,
Just yawns, then snores the halesome prime away.

Whilst we, my Peggy, at his call arise,
Fond as the lark to greet yon glorious blaze,
And as it tints with gold the Eastern skies,
Pour forth in song the Great Creator's praise.

II.

See how the hills are burnish'd by its beams,
Each scene inspires me with a warmth divine:
The miser wrapt (elate) in golden dreams,
Feels not in fancy bliss to equal mine.

Hail! genial sovereign of the day!
Dear to the reapers of yon yellow vale,
Who, as they strive beneath thy fostering ray,
Beguile their toil with many a jocund tale.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

I.

LET great ones in splendour remain,
Proud precedency's follow'd by strife;
Still let me a few acres maintain,
And still culture the blessings of life:
Our rural enjoyments no stings leave behind,
But courts oft infect both the body and mind.

II.

Me not all their bright circles can please
Like my reapers so busy below;
Like the pippins of gold on my trees,
Or the produce my hop-grounds bestow:
Their mountains of wealth oft the worthless defend,
Whilst mine is employ'd for the poor and my friend.

III.

Let them boast of their hangings so gay,
Of their trappings bespangled with gold;
My pyed meadows more charms can display,
These fern hills brighter far to behold:
Too oft gaudy dress is the villain's disguise,
Whilst virtue, in weeds, begs the means to suffice.

IV.

Let them boast of their beauties so fine,
It were best they'd their beauties reclaim,
(But for truth I would blot out the line)
Base inconstancy sullies their fame.
More happy, O Peggy! is Samuel's lot,
With virtue, contentment, and thee, in a cot.

V.

The seducer may boast with a sneer,
To his slaves, of the maids he has won,
They'll smile at his vicious career,
And they'll smile should they see him undone.
Our rustics are strangers to flatt'ry and art,
What comes from their lips is the fruit of the heart.

VI.

Lovely virtue again would revive,
O my Peggy, could greatness say this?
Science, commerce, and Britons would thrive,
And our isle be a garden of bliss.
For truth upon greatness, ah! who can depend?
Full often they'll promise, less often befriend.

VII.

But no more—it becomes not a swain
To reflect on the ways of the great;
May we thrive with the rest of the plain,
And be virtuous, whatever's our fate:
May plenty, my Peggy, return with the Spring,
And great folks, in virtue, go copy their king.

THE RUSTIC SWAINS.

From the Musical Comedy of "THE SUMMER'S TALE."

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

I.

SEE yon humble rustic swains,
Resting from their daily pains;
Look how carelessly they're laid
In the cool and fragrant shade.

II.

What is wealth, and fame, and power?
Fleeting pageants of an hour:
Blush, Ambition, blush to see
Happiness unknown to thee.

III.

Soon as Phœbus streaks the skies,
Fresh and light as air they rise;
And when sinking in the West,
Gaily sing him to his rest.

IV.

Boast not, Pride, thy lofty state;
Ah how little are the Great!
Wretches, amidst all your cares,
Can you find content like theirs?

REAPING.

I.

NOW, when Summer fruits are over,
Yellow harvest smiles again;
Mown the hay, and stack'd the clover,
Ev'ry field is bright with grain.

II.

Ply the sickle, merry reapers,
Soon as peeps the cheerful morn;
Come betimes, and shame the sleepers,
Snoring with their curtains drawn.

III.

Haste, my lads, forget the trouble,
Join the cheerful largess song;
Whiles across the crackling stubble,
Moves the loaded wain along.

IV.

Then with shouting, laughing, joking,
Bear the golden sheaves away,
While the harvest supper smoking,
Shall your honest toils repay.

V.

[And our feast, altho' but yearly,
Not with riot will we stain,
We will take the bounty cheerly,
But from all excess refrain. J. P.]

EVENING.

(*Labourers leaving off Work.*)

SONG.

THE golden sun still shining,
With glory gilds the West,
And downward whilst inclining,
Thus warns us to our rest.

CHORUS.

Then merrily we go,
With hearts so light,
We taste not woe,
We find delight;

Away we repair
To our quiet homes,
And rise without care
When the morning comes.

[J. P. 1789.]

THE PEASANT'S EVENING.

From the Opera of "TURK AND NO TURK."

BY G. COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Tune, Sweet Annie frae the Sea Beach came.

I.

WHENE'ER the evening dew descends,
And daily toil and labour's o'er;
How pleas'd is Richard when he bends
His steps towards the cottage door.

His Mary, whom the swains admire,
At his approach alone is blest;
And as she trims the kindling fire,
New pleasure kindles in her breast.

II.

She who the rustic board supplies,
Whilst busy Richard fills the cann;
Serves up some dainty to surprise
And hit the taste of her good man;
Thus pleas'd they sit, and pleas'd they see
The offspring of their mutual flame;
The little urchin climbs the knee,
Looks up, and lisps his father's name.

THE COTTAGER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

[The following poem having been written in the Scottish dialect, it is here *translated* for the mere English reader.]

I.

NOVEMBER chill blows loud with angry blast;
The short'ning Winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts forsake the plough and rest;
The black'ning trains of crows seek their repose:

The toil-worn Cottager from labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spade, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the moor his course does homeward bend.

II.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant little ones, tottering, stagger thro'
To meet their Dad with prattling noise and glee.
His little fire gleams with unsteady light,
His clean hearth swept, his thrifty housewife's smile,
The lisping infant hugs him with delight,
Does all his weariness and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

III.

The elder children soon come dropping in,
At service out among the farmer's roun';
Some drive the plough, some herd, some careful run
A clever errand to a neighb'ring town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her eye,
Comes home perhaps to shew her bran new gown,
Or else to lay her hard-earn'd penny by,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship lie.

IV.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kind inquires;
The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the news that he or sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother with her needle and her sheers,
Makes old cloaths look almost as well as new;
The father mixes all with admonition due.

V.

Their masters', and their mistresses' command,
The younkers all are warned to obey;
And mind their labours with a careful hand,
And ne'er, tho' out of sight, to lurk or play:
"And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway;
And mind your *duty* *, duly morn and night:
Lest in temptation's paths ye go astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

VI.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, who knows the meaning of the same,
Tells how a neighbour lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her home.

* To God: say your prayers.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's eye, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hesitates afraid to speak;
Well pleas'd the mother hears, it's no wild worthless rake.

VII.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him in;
A comely youth; her joy the mother shews;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's not ill ta'en;
The father talks of horses, pigs, and cows.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows with joy,
But dash'd and bashful scarce can well behave;
The mother, with a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes so modest and so grave;
Well pleas'd to think her child such husband's like to have.

VIII.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,—
"If heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

IX.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth?
That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Woe to his perjur'd art! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

X.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The onion porridge, cheap and wholesome food,
The milk their only cow does well afford,
That in the orchard peaceful chews her cud.
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To please the lad, the cheese she would not sell,
And oft he's prest, and oft he calls it good:
The frugal housewife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a twelvemonth old when flax was in the bell.

XI.

The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
They, round the embers, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The huge big Bible, once his father's pride:

His hat is reverently laid aside,
His hoary locks shewing so thin and bare:
From strains that once did sweet in Sion glide,
He takes a portion with judicious care;
And, "*Let us worship* GOD!" he says, with solemn air.

XII.

They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their *hearts*, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee*'s* wild-warbling measures rise,
Or *plaintive Martyrs**, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin** aids the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotland's holy lays;
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

XIII.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *friend of* GOD on high,
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny;
Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lie,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or *Job*'s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isaiah*'s bold, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

* Psalm tunes.

XIV.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How *He*, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How *He*, who 'lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Bab'lon*'s doom pronounc'd by
Heav'n's command.

XV.

Then kneeling down to HEAV'N'S ETERNAL KING,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing*,"
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator*'s praise,
In such society yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

XVI.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the *heart!*

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

The *Power*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his *book of life*, the inmates poor enroll*.

XVII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The younglin cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That *He*, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way *His wisdom* sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

* This pleasing picture of a family supper is said to be drawn from the life among the peasantry in Scotland, where there is scarcely a person, however poor, who cannot read. After their meal it is a common practice to unite in worship. A psalm is first sung. Then the father of the family reads a chapter in the Bible; and they all afterwards join in prayer.

THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

BY C. SMART.

I.

THE Sweets of Evening charm the mind,
Sick of the sultry day;
The body then no more confin'd,
But exercise with freedom join'd,
When the sun sheathes his ray.

II.

While all-serene the Summer noon
Sends glances through the trees,
The nightingale begins her tune,
The plaintive quail shall help her soon
With voice of skilful ease.

III.

A nosegay, every thing that grows,
And music, every sound
To lull the sun to his repose;
The skies are colour'd like the rose
With lively streaks around.

IV.

Of all the changes rung by Time
None half so sweet appear,
As those, when thoughts themselves sublime,
And with superior nature's chime
In Fancy's highest sphere.

HARVEST HOME.

From the Opera of ' THIRTY THOUSAND."

BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

I.

THE hero, who, to live in story,
In search of honour dares to roam,
And reaps a crop of fame and glory,
His is the soldier's Harvest Home.

II.

The tar, who, on the ocean fighting,
Braves billows, while they tow'ring foam,
And safe returns, his Poll delighting,
His is the sailor's Harvest Home.

III.

Let soldiers, sailors, farmers meeting
In arms, if e'er the foe should come,
Give 'em a downright English greeting,
While laurels crown our Harvest Home.

A HEALTH.

(*See Vol. I. p.* 106.)

From "SHAKSPEARE'S TEMPEST."

I.

HONOUR, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Heav'n's blessing so be on you.

II.

Earth's encrease, and richest plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;

III.

Spring be never at the farthest,
Always in its season harvest:
Scarcity and want may shun you,
Heav'n's blessing so be on you.

THE BRIMMING JUG.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow harvest free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The Brimming Jug succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

THE PLOW.

I.

WHEN the fields are no longer fast bound by the frost,
And the air makes them cast their warm mantles of snow,
The Plowman considers no time must be lost,
But hastes to give speed to the fruit-giving Plow.

II.

His slumbers disperse 'ere the dawning of day,
He rises when first he shall hear the cock crow;
With his old faithful horses he hastens away,
And rejoices amain to give speed to the Plow.

III.

As gay as the lark, with the lark blithe he sings,
His face as reflecting the morning's bright glow;
Each hill and each valley with melody rings,
The lark, horse, and Plowman, give speed to the Plow.

IV.

Ah, Plowman! so happy, how blest is thy lot,
If the peace of thy station thou would'st but allow;
Less joy has the mansion than thy humble cot,
Who from morning to ev'ning giv'st speed to the Plow.

V.

'Tis the means that thy Maker, in kindness, ordain'd,
That man should eat bread by the sweat of his brow,
That his passions, so headstrong, by labour restrain'd,
Peace and virtue might rise from the speed of the Plow.

VI.

'Tis on thee, that a Nation depends for its bread,
'Tis to thee, that in time we behold the rich mow;
'Tis by thee, that the table with plenty is spread,
Who still givest speed to the fruit-giving Plow.

VII.

Yet thankful to thee, higher thanks must arise,
Thou art but the *mean*, as we all must avow;
Tho' grateful to man, we must look to the skies,
For God 'tis alone can give speed to the Plow.

VIII.

Ask him, who his time has devoted to trade,
Ask the soldier and sailor what they undergo;
Ask the driver and post-boy, if they are repaid,
Or are happy as him, who gives speed to the Plow.

IX.

Tho' hard be thy labour, and plain be thy fare,
From morning to eve, rain and wind roughly blow,
'Ere night closes in to your cot you repair,
To recruit the fatigue that gave speed to the Plow.

X.

For these are the joys of domestical life,
To see thy dear babes, as in grace they shall grow,
And thine the sweet smile of th' affectionate wife,
When the day's at an end that gave speed to the Plow.

XI.

'Tis thine to have space, for thy soul to take care,
A pleasure no riches should make thee forego,
When the bell sweetly chimes, to the church you repair.
When the Sabbath gives rest to the fruit-giving Plow.

XII.

On the Lord of the Sabbath may all still depend,
When buried in earth, one and all shall lie low;
Like the corn in its furrow, may each re-ascend;
Thro' Him, who, alone, can give speed to the Plow. J. P.

THE MOW.

A Harvest-Home Song.

Tune, Where the Bee sucks.

I.

NOW our work's done thus we feast,
After labour comes our rest;
Joy shall reign in ev'ry breast,
And right welcome is each guest:
After Harvest merrily,
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the Harvest that heaps up the Mow.

II.

Now the plowman he shall plow,
And shall whistle as he go,
Whether it be fair or blow,
For another barley Mow,
O'er the furrow merrily:
Merrily, merrily, will he sing now,
After the Harvest, the fruit of the plow.

III.

Toil and plenty, toil and ease,
Still the husbandman he sees;
Whether, when the Winter freeze,
Or in Summer's gentle breeze,
Still he labours merrily,
Merrily, merrily, after the plow,
He looks to the harvest, that gives us the Mow.

J. P.

NIGHT.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZ. SANDERS.

I.

HAIL, Night! array'd in solemn pow'r,
Teach me to scorn the festive hour,
Thy pensive joys impart,
Reflection wakens to enjoy
Thy solemn scenes in this employ,
The converse of the heart!

II.

While Mirth at Folly tunes her lyre,
Let Mary from the throng retire,
And scorn her baffling pow'r,
Gaze on the stars that lambent roll,
In pious praise awake the soul;
Thus hail the tranquil hour.

III.

Whilst thousands seek for bliss serene,
Yet following Mirth, they pass the scene,
Wherein she lay secure;
May we be by reflection wise,
Nor seeking pomp o'erlook the prize
Of happiness so pure.

IV.

Behold yon heaven's spangled frame,
Whose stars proclaim their Maker's fame,
And Cynthia sheds her ray;
Sublimest scene! that charms the heart,
By thee we lose the schemes of art,
And Pleasure's fleeting day.

V.

Come, Mary, while the scene invites,
Let's seek in Nature for delights,
In Providence for joy:
We'll haste to claim this bliss our own,
Nor heed Ambition's sullen frown,
'Tis Virtue we enjoy.

VI.

Our pleasures here shall mirth surprize,
We'll trace the circuit of the skies,
The planets too expound.
And while we read Creation's ball,
In them we praise the God of all,
Who form'd the ample round.

VII.

While soaring on Reflection's wing,
Mirth shall in vain attune her string,
To folly raise her song:
'Tis here we higher pleasures trace,
In virtue's sweet seraphic face;
For her we shun the throng.

VIII.

Hail, tranquil Night! the joys extend,
In midnight scenes, Religion's friend,
Soothe ev'ry care of day;
Still cheer the thought, amend the mind,
That by reflection is refin'd,
To smooth life's rugged way.

LIFE'S PROGRESS;

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN AUTUMN.

BY FRANCES, COUNTESS OF HERTFORD, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

I.

HOW lately was yon russet grove
The seat of harmony and love!
How beauteous all the sylvan scene,
The flowers how gay, the trees how green!
But now it no such charms can boast,
Its music gone, its verdure lost.
The changing leaves fall fast away,
And all its pride is in decay.

II.

Where blossoms deck'd the pointed thorn,
Now hangs the wintry drop forlorn:
No longer from the fragrant bush
Odours exhale, or roses blush:
Along the late enamell'd mead
No golden cowslip lifts its head:
Scarce can the grass its spires sustain,
Chill'd by the frost, or drench'd by rain.

III.

Alas! just thus with life it fares!
Our youth like smiling spring appears,
Allied to joy, unbroke by care,
And free as is the sportive air.
But swiftly fly those cheerful hours,
Like falling leaves, or fading flowers:
Quickly we hasten to decline,
And ev'ry sprightly joy resign.

IV.

Then be our hearts prepar'd to leave
Those joys, nor at their absence grieve;
Sublimer pleasures let us prove,
And fix our thoughts on those above:
By the bright eye of sacred truth,
Review the dangers of our youth;
Think how by turns wild passions rag'd,
By calm reflections now assuag'd.

V.

Devotion comes, with grace divine;
Around her heavenly glories shine!
While ev'ry gloom their rays dispel,
And banish the deceits of hell.
Ambition now no more aspires;
Contentment mod'rates our desires;
From envy free we can behold
Another's honours or his gold.

VI.

If, then, such peaceful, heav'nly guests
Age introduces to our breasts,
Can we his soft approaches fear,
Or heave a sigh, or drop a tear,
Because our outward forms decay,
And time our vigour steals away?
Should we regret our short-liv'd bloom,
Which quickly must to dust consume.

VII.

If thus Life's progress we survey,
View what it gives, what takes away;
Then shall we bless the ev'ning hour,
When reason best exerts her power;
And drives those tyrants from our breast,
Whose empire they too long possest;
And thus, with thankful hearts, declare
It leaves us all that's worth our care.

A WINTER'S MORNING.

From "A WORLD WITHOUT SOULS."

BY THE REV. ——— CUNNINGHAM.

I.

SUNK is that orb in tedious sleep,
Which us'd to meet our opening eyes;
And angry nature bids us weep
A polar night in Southern skies.

Eye of the heav'ns! perhaps thy sight
Has sicken'd at a world of crime;
And wrapp'd o'er us the pall of night,
Thy rays will light a happier clime.

II.

Perhaps thy last sad course was run
Thro' realms which fear and hate the day;
Where ruffians curse the coming sun,
Where idlers sleep whole suns away.

E'en here thy burning view would see
Unblushing vice and passion rude,
And seldom bent the suppliant knee,
And still the lip of gratitude.

III.

Or did'st thou roll thy glowing wheel
Where dark Ambition goads her steed;
And plotting statesmen whet the steel,
And bid the mortal battle bleed?

Such scenes must wound the eye of heav'n—
But has not heaven, since time begun,
Flung all its million gifts around
On those who ne'er return'd it one?

IV.

Oh! starting from thine *almost death*,
Mark, sluggard, *now* yon orb arise;
And load the morning's earliest breath
With incense to its native skies:

See yon blue arch the surface span;
To guilty worlds, see, day is given—
Oh! heaven is still the friend of man,
Tho' man is still the foe of heaven.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER, ESQ.

I.

LISTEN to the carol'd ditty,
Listen to the village chime,
Dear to Friendship, Joy, and Pity,
Comes the merry Christmas time.

II.

Friendship with new ardour glowing,
Joy renewing age's prime,
Pity kinder boons bestowing,
Crowns the merry Christmas time.

III.

Banish from this happy season
Mirth of Folly, Vice, and Crime;
Joys of Virtue, smiles of Reason
Grace the merry Christmas time.

IV.

Thus our grateful raptures voicing,
Heav'n shall deem the strain sublime,
If the sons of Want rejoicing,
Bless the merry Christmas time.

THE PASTOR.

From the Dramatic Romance of "CYMON."

BY GARRICK.

I.

FROM duty if the Shepherd stray,
And leave his flocks to feed,
The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
And innocence will bleed.

II.

In me a harmless lamb behold,
Opprest with ev'ry fear:
O guard, good Shepherd, guard the fold,
For wicked wolves are near.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

From "HORACE'S EPODES, B. 5. EP. 2."

BY WM. SOMERVILLE.

I.

HAPPY the man, who, free from care,
Manures his own paternal fields,
Content, as his wise fathers were,
T'enjoy the crop his labour yields.

Nor usury torments his breast,
That barters happiness for gain,
Nor war's alarms disturb his rest,
Nor hazards of the faithless main :

II.

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
With costly noise and dear debate,
Proclaims an everlasting war ;
Nor frowns on villains basely great.

But for the vine selects a spouse,
Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed,
Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
And grafts more happy in their stead.

III.

Or hears the lowing herds from far,
That fatten on the fruitful plains,
And ponders with delightful care,
The prospect of his future gains.

Or shears his sheep that round him graze,
And droop beneath their curling load,
Or plunders his laborious bees
Of their luscious balmy food.

IV.

His cheerful head when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the juicy pears,
The purple grape his finger stains.

Each honest heart's a welcome guest,
With tempting fruit his table glows,
His friends are bidden to the feast,
To share the blessings Heav'n bestows.

V.

I view with pity, and disdain,
The costly trifles coxcombs boast,
Their Claret, Burgundy, Champagne,
Tho' sparkling with the brightest toast.

Let fops their sickly palates please,
With luxury's expensive store,
And feast each virulent disease
With dainties from a foreign shore.

VI.

While thus on wholesome cates I feast,
Oh! with what rapture I behold
My flocks in comely order haste
T' enrich with soil the barren fold.

The languid ox approaches slow,
To share the food his labours earn,
Painful he tugs th' inverted plough,
Nor hunger quickens his return.

VII.

My cheerful swains, uncouthly gay,
About my smiling hearth delight,
To sweeten the laborious day,
By many a merry tale at night.

I whom my little farm supplies,
Richly on Nature's bounty live;
The only happy are the wise,
Content in all that Heav'n shall give.

THE BLACKSMITH.

From a Song Book of the Year 1778.

I.

OF all the trades I e'er did see,
There's none to a Blacksmith compar'd may be,
With so many several tools works he,
Which Nobody can deny.

II.

The common proverb, as it is read,
Full oft by the Blacksmith is truly said,
That a man must hit the right *nail* on the head,
Which Nobody, &c.

III.

Another one must not be forgot,
Which falls unto the Blacksmith's lot,
That you must strike while the *iron*'s hot,
Which Nobody, &c.

IV.

Tho' Lawyers do travel both near and far,
And by long pleading a cause may mar,
Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the *bar*,
Which Nobody, &c.

V.

Tho' many strive their pockets to fill
By counterfeit deeds, and thereby do ill,
Yet your Blacksmith may *forge* whate'er he will,
Which Nobody, &c.

VI.

Your roaring blade, who ev'ry one quells,
Fights, domineers, swaggers, and blusters and rails,
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his *nails*,
Which Nobody, &c.

VII.

Now to know the Blacksmith if you desire,
You must not scorn but rank him higher,
For what he gets is got out of the *fire*,
Which Nobody, &c.

VIII.

To end my song, whoe'er is in doubt,
And cannot well bring these matters about,
The Blacksmith can readily *hammer* it out,
Which Nobody can deny.

THE BLACKSMITH.

From the Opera of "CATCH HIM WHO CAN."

I.

A BLACKSMITH, you'll own, is so clever,
And great in the world is his place,
And the reason I've guess'd, why forever,
A Blacksmith's deserving of grace.
Great Lawyers, who plead and who preach,
While many good causes they mar,
May yield to the Blacksmith to teach,
For he labours still more at the *bar*.

II.

When Great Men do wrong in the State,
The Commons try hard at their poles;
While the Blacksmith as certain as fate,
Could have 'em *haul'd over the coals*.
And if rogues put their name to a draft,
The law for their hanging will teaze;
But Blacksmiths are free from all craft,
And may *forge* just as much as they please.

III.

The *vices* of trade he holds cheap,
And laughs at the world as it rails,
For spite of the pother they keep,
They can't make a Smith *eat his nails!*

And if, to his praise be it spoke,
To raise him still higher and higher,
You may say, and without any joke,
All he gets, is *got out of the fire.*

IV.

Then let Blacksmiths be toasted around,
For well it may always be said,
When a fortune by Blacksmiths is found,
They must *hit the right nail on the head.*
No *irony* now I'm about,
To his *metal* you'll find him still true;
Since I've *hammer'd his history out,*
I hope 'twill be *temper'd* by you.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

I.

ATTEND, all ye shepherds, and nymphs to my lay,
You may learn from my tale, and go wiser away;
A damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,
Well known by the name of the Maid of the Mill.

II.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd,
Her face to improve, and embellish her mind;
Nor pride or deceit e'er her bosom did fill,
'Twas Nature alone in the Maid of the Mill.

III.

The squire of the village beheld the sweet maid,
Each art to seduce her was presently laid:
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill;
But nought could prevail with the Maid of the Mill.

IV.

Her virtue she priz'd beyond splendour or state,
Tho' poor, yet she never repin'd at her fate;
His proffers she slighted, in vain all his skill
To ruin the fame of the Maid of the Mill.

V.

Young William address'd her with hope and with fear,
His heart was right honest, his love was sincere;
With rapture his bosom each moment would thrill,
Whene'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

VI.

His passion was founded on honour and truth,
The maid read his heart, and of course lov'd the youth,
At church modest Patty soon answer'd "I will,"
And the squire was baulk'd of the Maid of the Mill.

VII.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair?
Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care;
The flame at first rais'd in each other burns still,
And William is blest with the Maid of the Mill.

FANNY THE FAIR.

BY BURNS.

Tune, Robin Adair.

I.

WHILE larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing Spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Fanny the Fair.

II.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad I did share,
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rose-buds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom, did I say,
Fanny the Fair.

III.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:

So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny!
He who who would injure thee,
Fanny the Fair.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

From "WALTON'S ANGLER."

BY MR. WILLIAM BASSE.

I.

AS inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk:
Some better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

II.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride:
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in love's dang'rous snare:
My angle breeds me no such care.

III.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;

All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

IV.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please;
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep;
And for my past offences weep.

V.

And when the tim'rous trout I wait
To take, and he devour my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind;
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

VI.

But yet, tho', while I fish, I fast,
I make good fortune my repast,
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Than to my angle was my fish.

VII.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fish and praise his name.

VIII.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did chuse to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

N. B. The Editor of this volume thinks it right to acknowledge, that the piety, the simplicity, the unaffected cheerfulness and good humour, and the arguments which prevail throughout the pages of WALTON's *Complete Angler*, have made him more than half a convert to the amusement of Angling: Yet he cannot but still think with Mr. Gilpin, in his Dialogues on the Amusements of Clergymen, that to *take away life* merely in *pastime* is *cruel:* where animals are wanted for our support we have permission to use them so, but they should be put to death in the most expeditious way, and by persons whose proper province it may be: and, though sanctioned by the practice of the good and gentle Isaac Walton, he cannot but think the impaling animals alive, to serve as baits for others, is a cruelty which we are not justifiable in practising.

THE ANGLERS.

BY CHARLES COTTON.

I.

AWAY to the brook,
All your tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing;
See that all things be right,
For it would be a spight
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

II.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do,
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

III.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true brother was of the angle.

IV.

Next, pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail,
With wax, crewels, silk, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despight of all weathers.

V.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, tho' not for strict need, notwithstanding,
Your scissars and hone
To adjust your points on,
With a net to be sure of your landing.

VI.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure;
'Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

VII.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII.

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay,
But first leave all our sorrows behind us;
If Miss Fortune should come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she'll not easy find us.

IX.

And tho' we display
All our arts to betray,
What were made for man's pleasure and diet;
Yet both princes and states
May, for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

X.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

XI.

While quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission;
For, tho' simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last into downright sedition.

XII.

We covet no wealth
But the blessing of health,
And that greater, good conscience within us;
Such devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win us.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

BY ISAAC WALTON.

I.

I IN these flowery meads would be:
These chrystal streams shall solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turtle-dove,
Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

II.

Or on that bank, feel the West wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers:
Here hear my Mary sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young.

III.

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from law-suits, and the noise
Of prince's courts, I would rejoice.

IV.

Or, with my Rover, and a book,
Loiter long days near some swift brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away:
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

BOWLS.

From STRUTT'S "*Sports and Pastimes.*"

BY WILLIAM STROAD.

I.

PREFERMENT, like a game at Bowls,
To feed our hope hath divers play;
Here quick it runs, there soft it rolls;
The betters make and shew the way.

On upper ground, so great allies
Do many *cast* on their desire;
Some up are thrust and forc'd to rise,
When those are stopt that would aspire.

II.

Some, whose heat and zeal exceed,
Thrive well by *rubbs* that curb their haste,
And some that languish in their speed
Are cherish'd by some favour's blast.
Some rest in other's *cutting out*
The same by whom themselves are made;
Some fetch a *compass* far about,
And secretly the mark invade.

III.

Some get by *knocks*, and so advance
Their fortune by a boisterous aim;
And some, who have the sweetest chance,
Their en'mies *hit*, and win the game.
The fairest *casts* are those that owe
No thanks to Fortune's giddy sway;
Such honest men good *Bowlers* are
Whose own true *bias cuts* the way.

THE FEATHERED EMBASSY.

I.

YE winged tenants of the wood,
Ye warbling choir, arise!
And seek the dwelling of my fair,
Ere sleep forsake her eyes.

II.

Go, sweetly mourning Philomel,
Whose sorrows never rest;
Awake yon shameless drowsy lark,
And force him from his nest.

III.

Thou, my soft linnet, add thy note;
And thou, melodious thrush;
And thou, sweet goldfinch, haste! for see,
The morn begins to blush.

IV.

Together wing your airy way
To yonder woodbine shade,
There softly swell your gentle strains,
And wake the lovely maid.

V.

Thro' all the fragrant spicy grove,
Fond labour of her swain,
Let echo waft your vary'd notes,
And call her to the plain.

VI.

So shall each nest within my meads
Be safe from youthful theft;
Nor shall your young, by cruel snares,
Of parents be bereft.

VII.

No murd'rous tribe shall here be seen,
My tender birds to slay:
Then haste, O haste, ye tuneful tribe,
And call my love away.

THE LARK.

BY DR. COTTON.

I.

SEE, the Lark prunes his active wings,
Rises to heaven, and soars, and sings.
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise:
He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.

II.

When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast,
And as he sings he sinks to rest.
Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?

III.

No, ye dear nestlings of my heart,
Go, act the wiser songster's part:
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn;
To him your grateful tribute pay
Thro' ev'ry period of the day.

IV.

To Him your ev'ning songs direct,
His eye shall watch, his arm protect,
O give to him your warmest lays,
Tho' all's too weak to tell his praise:
Tho' darkness reigns he's with you still,
Then sleep, ye good, and fear no ill.

THE LARK.

BY THOMPSON.

I.

FEATHER'D lyric! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the sky,
Op'ning with thy matin lay,
(Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

II.

While the bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the day-spring from on high,
Seen by faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray,
Promise of eternal day!

THE TUNEFUL LARK.

From the Opera of "THE JOVIAL CREW."

BY BROOME.

I.

THE Tuneful Lark, who from her nest,
Ere yet well-fledg'd, is stol'n away,
With care attended and caress'd,
She sometimes sings the live-long day.

Yet still her native fields she mourns,
Her gaoler hates, his kindness scorns,
For freedom pants, for freedom burns.

II.

That darling freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for prey,
She mourns the liberty she gain'd,
And hungry, pines the hours away.
Helpless, the little wand'rer flies,
Then homeward turns her longing eyes,
And warbling out her grief she dies.

THE CUCKOW.

Altered from SHAKSPEARE.

I.

WHEN dasies pied, and violets blue,
And cardamine, all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The Cuckow then, on every tree,
Begins his song, for thus sings he:
Cuckow—cuckow—he then doth sing,
Announcing the return of Spring.

II.

When cow-boys pipe on oaten straw,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles coo, and rooks do caw,
And shepherds shear their fleecy flocks,
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry tree
Prolongs his song, for thus sings he:
Cuckow—cuckow—he then doth sing,
In the full joy of the gay Spring.

III.

[When mowers cut the flow'ry hay,
And men and maids with fork and rake,
Come to the meadow blithe and gay,
The fragrant Winter-store to make,
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Gets hoarse in song, for thus sings he:
Cuckow—cuckow—he then doth sing,
And Summer hath succeeded Spring.

J. P.]

THE SWALLOWS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD JAGO.

I.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to Wintry storms the varied year,
The swallow race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
To Southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a grave assembly sate;
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind;
With serious look, he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his Anna thus address'd his mind:

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
Observe and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n,
With us thro' Summer's genial reign they stray'd,
And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n.

II.

But now, thro' sacred prescience, well they know
The near approach of elemental strife,
The blust'ring tempest, and the chilling snow,
With ev'ry want and scourge of tender life.

Thus taught, they meditate a speedier flight,
For this e'en now they prune their vig'rous wing;
For this consult, advise, prepare, excite,
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

No sorrow loads their breasts or swells their eye,
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam.

III.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine!
That warns them hence; they feel it and obey;
To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

Well fare your flight! ye mild domestic race!
Oh! for your wings to travel with the sun!
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done!

See, Anna, on my roof your guests to-day:
To-morrow on my roof your guests no more!
Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

IV.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd;
And what without a moral would we read?
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away;
Thus threats the Winter of inclement age;
Our time of action but a Summer's day,
And earth's frail orb the sadly varied stage.

And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
Nor give us tidings of some happier clime?
Find *we* no guide in gracious Providence,
Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time.

V.

Yes, yes, the sacrd oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless day,
That bid our hearts nor death nor anguish fear,
This future transport, *that* to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode;
Obey the call, and trust the Leader's care,
To bring us safe, thro' Virtue's paths, to God.

Let no fond love for *earth* exact a sigh,
No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die,
HEAV'N is our HOPE, and PROVIDENCE our GUIDE.

THE SWALLOWS.

PART II.

Written in the Month of April.

BY THE SAME.

I.

AT length the Winter's surly blasts are o'er,
Array'd in smiles the lovely Spring returns,
Health to the breeze unbars the screaming door,
And e'v'ry breast with hope celestial burns.

Again the dasies peep, the violets blow,
Again the tenants of the leafy grove
Forget the batt'ring hail, the driving snow,
Resume the lay of melody and love.

And see, my Anna, see o'er yonder stream,
Where on the sunny bank the lambkins play,
Alike attracted to th' enliv'ning gleam,
The stranger Swallows take their wonted way.

II.

Welcome, ye gentle tribes, your sports pursue;
Welcome again to Anna and to me;
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan your settlements from danger free.

No tempest on my shed its fury pours,
My frugal hearth no noxious blast supplies;
Go, wand'rers, go, repair your sooty bow'rs,
Think on no hostile roof my chimnies rise.

Thrice happy race, whom Nature's call invites,
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taste her choicest stores, her best delights,
And Summer's radiance, and the sweets of Spring.

III.

But, know, the period to your joys assign'd,
Know ruin hovers round this earthly ball;
Certain as death, and sudden as the wind,
Its secret adamantine props shall fall.

Yet, when your short-liv'd Summers shine no more,
My patient mind, sworn foe to vice's way,
Sustain'd on lighter wings than yours, shall soar
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains etherial, and elysian bow'rs,
Where Wint'ry storms no rude access obtain,
Where blasts no light'ning, and no thunder low'rs,
But Spring and joy unchang'd forever reign.

THE STORK.

From "THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN."

BY R. DODSLEY.

I.

THE faithful Stork behold,
A duteous wing prepare,
Its sire, grown weak and old,
To feed with constant care:

II.

Should I my father leave,
Grown old, and weak, and blind;
To think on Storks would grieve
And shame my weaker mind.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

From the French of BERQUIN.

I.

YES, little nest, I'll hold you fast;
And little birds--one, two, three, four,—
I've watch'd you long, you're mine at last;
Poor little things, you'll 'scape no more.

Chirp, cry, and flutter as you will:
Ah! simple rebels, 'tis in vain;
Your little wings are unfledg'd still;
How can you freedom then obtain?

II.

What note of sorrow strikes my ear?
Is it their mother thus distrest?
Ah! yes,—and see, their father dear,
Flies round and round, to seek the nest.

And is it I who cause their moan?
I, who so oft in Summer's heat,
Beneath yon oak have laid me down,
And listen'd to their song so sweet?

III.

If from my tender mother's side,
Some wicked wretch should make me fly,
Full well I know 'twould her betide,
To break her heart—to sink—to die.

And shall I then so cruel prove,
Your little ones to force away?
No, no,—together live and love:
See, here they are;—take them I pray.

IV.

Teach them in yonder wood to fly;
And let them your soft warbling hear,
'Till their own wings can soar as high,
And their own notes may sound as clear.

Go, gentle birds, go free as air!
While oft again in Summer's heat,
To yonder oak I will repair,
And listen to your song so sweet.

THE ROBIN.

From the Opera of " LODOISKA.*"*

BY J. P. KEMBLE.

I.

SWEET bird, that cheer'st the heavy hours
Of Winter's dreary reign,
O still exert thy tuneful pow'rs,
And pour the vocal strain.

II.

Go not to seek a scanty fare
From Nature's frozen hand,
Whilst I, with gratitude, prepare
The food thy wants demand.

III.

Domestic bird, with me remain,
Until next verdant Spring
Again shall bring the woodland train,
Their grateful tribute bring.

IV.

Sweet Robin, then thou may'st explore,
And join the feather'd throng,
And ev'ry vocal bush shall pour
The energy of song.

THE BEE AND THE DRONE.

BY MR. NICHOLLS.

I.

SEE, my young friend, the busy Bee,
How swift she scuds from tree to tree,
To find the sweetest flow'r!
Thus, all the day, she loves to roam,
At eve she seeks her rustic home,
And hives a precious store.

II.

'Gainst hoary Winter binds the green,
When not a bud or blossom's seen
To tempt her vagrant wing;
Contented with her prudent store,
She dwells, nor seeks the meadows more,
'Till flow'rs return with Spring.

III.

Not so the Drone ; in sunny haunts,
He just supplies his present wants.
Unmindful of the hour,
When black December's chilling air
Shall mock his want of timely care,
And numb each vital pow'r.

IV.

E'en so the youth, who, thoughtless, throws
Away what Providence bestows,
Soon feels the hand of need ;
Whilst those who carefully increase,
Find, like the Bee, in Winter peace,
And pleasures fair succeed.

THE GLOW-WORM.

I.

WAND'RER amid the paths of life,
Darken'd by error, vice, and pride,
With others and myself at strife,
I stray'd at large without a guide.

II.

With care I sought some cheering light,
To heav'n seem'd fled superior worth ;
One hand shew'd Virtue's pathway bright,
I hail'd it as a star on earth.

III.

E'er since, when wandering by night,
I see the Glow-worm on the ground,
Methinks 'tis Virtue's star-like light,
That shines when all is dark around. S. L.

FLOWERS.

Altered from HERBERT.

BY THE REV. S. WESLEY.

I.

I PLUCK'D this morn these beauteous flow'rs,
Emblem of my fleeting hours;
'Tis thus, said I, my life-time flies,
So it blooms, and so it dies.
And, lo! how soon they steal away,
Wither'd e'er the noon of day.
Beauty for ashes, as 'tis said;
Fresh at morn, i'th' evening dead.

II.

Adieu! well-pleas'd, my end I see,
Gently taught philosophy:
Fragrance and ornament alive,
Physic after death may give,

Let me, throughout my little stay,
Be as useful, and as gay:
My close as early let me meet,
So my odour be as sweet!

THE SPRIG OF HEATH.

Addressed to MISS WALLIS.

From the Poems of MRS. GRANT, *of Laggan.*

I.

PATTERN bright of filial duty,
Kindest sister, truest friend,
On thy innocence and beauty
Still may guardian angels tend.

II.

Keep and wear this crimson blossom;
Place it near thy generous heart,
'Tis a charm that from thy bosom
Can repel Detraction's dart.

III.

On yon mountain's summit 'ærial,
Far above the clouds it grew;
Fann'd by purest gales etherial,
Fed by bright celestial dew.

IV.

No voluptuous scents exhaling,
Deck'd with no luxurious dye,
Fiercest storms in vain assailing,
Blooming 'midst the Wint'ry sky.

V.

Type of Virtue's wreaths victorious,
Flowering on the craggy height,
Those who mount with ardour glorious
Pay their labour with delight.

THE ROSE.

BY EDMUND WALLER.

I.

GO, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

II.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

III.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush to be so admir'd.

IV.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

V.

[Yet, tho' those fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
And teach the maid,
That goodness Time's rude hand defies—
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.]

A ROSE.

From HERBERT.

BY THE REVD. J. WESLEY.

I.

NEVER tempt me to caress
Grief, disguis'd like happiness;
All the world's tumultuous noise
Has not e'en the cast of joys,
Earth to bless me wants the pow'r,
Take my reasons in a flow'r:

II.

Let the Rose its beauty show,
Emblem of the bliss below;
Fair and sweet, it yields delight,
To the smell, and to the sight;
Yet the bloom is quickly past,
Yet 'tis bitter to the taste.

III.

If then all that worldlings prize,
Biting ends, and sudden flies,
Bear me, friend, if I pursue
Pleasure otherwise than you;
Say, that fairly I oppose,
Say, my answer is—a Rose.

THE FIFE AND DRUM.

Tune, Dumbarton's Drums.

I.

THE Fife and Drum sound merrily,
My soldier, my soldier is all to me;
With my true love I soon will be:
For who's so kind, so true as he?
With him in ev'ry toil I'll share;
To please him shall be all my care:
Each peril I'll dare,
And all hardships bear,
For my soldier, my soldier is all to me.

II.

Then, if kind Heav'n preserve my love,
What rapt'rous joy shall his Nancy prove!
Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound!
To meet my William with conquest crown'd.
Close to my faithful bosom prest,
Soon shall he hush his cares to rest;
Clasp'd in these arms,
Forget War's alarms,
For my soldier, my soldier is all to me.

THE FIFE AND DRUM.

From " THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

TO ev'ry fav'rite village sport
With joy thy steps I'll guide;
Thy wishes always will I court,
Nor e'er stir from thy side.

But when the sprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar
The cry of war,
When chiefs are heard to cry we come,
And honour calls—To arms,

II.

Thy pain and pleasure will I share,
For better and for worse,
And if he have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurse.

But when, &c.

THE KNAPSACK.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

I'VE health, and I have spirits too,
Of work I've had my share;
And when you go, for love of you,
I will your Knapsack bear.

II.

Nor this resolve e'er will I rue,
We both alike will fare;
And still content for love of you,
Will I your Knapsack bear.

III.

Tho' thunders growl, and lightnings blue,
In flashes cleave the air,
I'll march content for love of you,
And will your Knapsack bear.

IV.

All dangers, hazardous and new,
One smile shall make me dare;
Rememb'ring 'tis for love of you,
That I your knapsack bear.

THE DRUM.

From the Opera of " FIRE AND WATER."

BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

'TIS honour impels us
The foe to defy;
And Liberty tells us
To conquer or die.
The double, double, double beat,
Of the thundering drum,
Cries hark! the foe's come,
Charge, charge, for we scorn to retreat.

THE WAR TRUMPET;

OR,

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

BY MR. UPTON.

I.

HARK! hark! the War Trumpet, so loud and so clear!
Hark! hark! Love, it calls me, it calls me away:
Now, now, I must leave thee, must leave thee, my dear,
My honour, my duty, forbid more delay.

Yes, yes, dearest Betsy—then take my sweet girl,
My kiss, my last kiss!—with *a Soldier's Farewell!*
Farewell!

II.

Dry, dry up that tear, starting from thy blue eye,
For know, Love, 'tis glory that issues the call;
O yes, and for England I'll conquer or die,
For England, (*my Country*) will conquer or fall!
Yes, yes, dearest Betsy—then take my sweet girl,
My kiss, my last kiss!—with *a Soldier's Farewell!*
Farewell!

III.

[O! still be thou constant, and cherish my love,
O still be thou constant, keep truth in thy heart,
Then, if not upon earth, we again shall above
Meet where sorrow is not, nor again shall we part:
Yes, yes, dearest Betsy—then take, my sweet girl,
My kiss, my last kiss!—with *a Soldier's Farewell!*
Farewell!
J. P.]

OCEAN.

BY DR. YOUNG.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
PSALM XCVIII.

I.

IN prospect wide
The boundless tide!—
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on in measure to the shore.

II.

Thro' Nature wide
Is nought descry'd
So rich in pleasure or surprize;
When all-serene,
How sweet the scene!
How dreadful when the billows rise:

III.

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which ere-while Britannia, fair,
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air.

IV.

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed.

V.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken shoots along the seas?
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And ev'ry canvas courts the breeze.

VI.

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shudd'ring soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

VII.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now centre-deep descend the brave;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the towering wave.

VIII.

Now spins around
In whirls profound,
Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds;
Now stunn'd, it reels
'Midst thunder's peals,
And now fierce light'ning fires the shrouds.

IX.

All æther burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the seas and skies;
No space between
Thy bosom green
Deep! and the blue concave lies.

X.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense which storms devour.

XI.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise
And seize the prize,
And toss him, breathless, on the shore.

XII.

His son complains
In pious strains;
" Ah! cruel thirst of gold," he cries;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XIII.

Thou wat'ry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XIV.

Gold pleasure buys;
But pleasure dies;
Too soon the gross fruition cloys;
Tho' raptures court,
The sense is short;
But Virtue kindles living joys.

XV.

Joys felt alone!
Joys ask'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss;
Joys that subsist,
Whate'er resist,
An unprecarious endless bliss.

XVI.

The soul refin'd
Should be inclin'd
To ev'ry moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of sense.

XVII.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

XVIII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expands
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by gen'rous ends.

TRADE.

BY DR. YOUNG.

I.

SEE Trade awake,—and see her lean no more
On her fix'd anchor; push from shore;
Earth lies before her, ev'ry climate, court,
And see! she's rous'd; absolv'd from fears,
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens ev'ry port.

II.

See cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on ev'ry place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name;
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame.

III.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessels wing to sea,
Worlds salute worlds, and peopled ocean swarms.

IV.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and wish to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With treasure paid from out their choicest store.

V.

Cold Russia's costly furs, from far
Hot China sends her painted jar,
Oporto wines to crown it; Arab sweet,
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

VI.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for thee?
How ev'ry heart dilates to see
Each land, each season bending to thy shores?

VII.

All these one British harvest make!
The servant Ocean for thy sake,
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap
And fondly give, in boundless dow'r,
To mighty George's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

VIII.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown:
A large revenue and a large expence,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And spend as free as Heav'n bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

IX.

Glow, then, my breast! abound, my store!
This, and this boldly I implore:
Their want and apathy let Stoics boast;
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us when discretion's lost.

WEALTH.

BY DR. YOUNG.

I.

WEALTH, in the virtuous and the wise,
'Tis vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow-soul'd or the profuse:
The truly great find morals in the mine.

II.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learn'd the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich: stores starve us or they cloy,
From gold if more than chymic skill
Extract not what is brighter still:
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

III.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end:
Exalted minds their joys extend.
The lib'ral shines when others' joys are done;
As lofty turrets by their height,
When humble scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

COMMERCE.

BY DR. YOUNG.

I.

COMMERCE gives arts as well as gain:
As Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts the rich traffic of the soul!
May travel thus from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

II.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.—
View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants princes! ev'ry deck a throne!

III.

But know, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive, or perish by the wave.
What storms from Heav'n's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes solicit down!
Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

IV.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.
What is large property?—the sign of good,
Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge high Heav'n with favours misbestow'd.

THE MERCHANT.

BY DR. YOUNG.

I.

IS Merchant an inglorious name?
What say the sons of letter'd fame,
  Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of scene,
'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
  Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

II.

Trade, Arts mechanic, Nature's stores
Well weighs; to starry science soars;
  Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The sites, tongues, int'rests, of the ball:
Who studies trade, he studies all:
  Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd men.

III.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair,
Make earth well worth the wise man's care,
  Call forth her forests, change them into fleets;
Can make one house of human race,
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
  Her's every sun; and India India meets.

IV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
What bounty feeds with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine,
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts e'en Freedom's glorious cause;
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

V.

You lend each other mutual aid;
Why is Heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power.
Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree;
Pleasure enjoy'd the tumult of an hour.

VI.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame:
True joy, the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole,
What they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

VII.

Merchant! Religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are;
To know false coin from true; to sweep the main.
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund.
Commerce gives gold—Religion makes it gain.

VIII.

Join, then, Religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor.
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign isle! proud war decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who could'st subdue mankind?

THE SAILORS' PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

HEAR us, O hear, Almighty pow'r!
And guard us in this fearful hour!
Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
Now War's important die is thrown,
If left the day to man alone,
How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might.

II.

Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;
A wrath more formidable far
Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

III.

From out the deep to thee we cry,
To thee, at Nature's helm on high!
Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
To thee for succour we resort;
Thy favour is our only port;
Our only rock of safety thy defence.

IV.

O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
And not unheard, thy boon implore!
Thy throne our burst of cannon loud invoke:
Thou canst arrest the flying ball,
Or send it back, and bid it fall
On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

V.

Britain in vain extends her care
To climes remote for aids in war;
Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe:
There's one alliance, one alone,
Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
And that alliance is not found below.

VI.

Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
We learn obedience to the sea;
With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
To rouse or hush the martial storm,
And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

VII.

'Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
Or quench the glories of a crown,
'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from death to free,
To turn aside his levell'd dart,
To pluck it from the bleeding heart:
There we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

VIII.

And when (all milder means withstood)
Ambition tam'd by loss of blood
Regains her reason; then, on angels' wings,
Let Peace descend, and shouting greet,
With peels of joy Britannia's fleet,
The poise of kingdoms and the fate of kings.

PEACE.

BY DR. YOUNG.

I.

TRADE springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And pow'r from wealth: of pow'r is made
The joy of earth: hail, then, the dove of Peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

II.

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
His harvest! harvest round the year!
For Peace, with laurel ev'ry mast be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon sound, each sailor shout;
For Peace, let ev'ry noble ship be crown'd!

III.

Sacred are ships, of birth d'vine!
For heaven did the first design;
With which the Patriarch Nature's ruins brav'd:
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew,
He who made human race, as pilot sav'd.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY DR. YOUNG.

I.

A VOICE hath flown
From Britain's throne
To execute a grand design;
That voice shall rear
The fabric fair
And still in future song shall shine.

II.

From boisterous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our wounded and our old,
High domes ascend,
Stretch'd arches bend,
Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold.

III.

Here soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,
To cheer their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

IV.

In lengthen'd tales
Our fleet prevails;
In tales, the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of list'ning youth to martial rage.

V.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask forever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

VI.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

VII.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As fair Britannia's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
May Britain's flag still sweep the seas.

BRITAIN.

BY DR. YOUNG.

I.

BRITAIN! most blest, thy blessing know,
Or bliss in vain does Heav'n bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress,
They most may lose who most possess,
Then let us bless with awe, and tremble at thy store.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give,
Prospects delightful! that deride,
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it nearest happiness to live.

III.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Trafic with good! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown'd!

IV.

Adore high heav'n, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others wave war's fearful rod:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

I.

'TWAS just at the time, when, in sorrowful strain,
Old England was grievously groaning;
Her natives, in sadness, to add to the scene,
The loss of their trade were bemoaning;
To give some redress, in this day of distress,
Some worthies (tho' few in the nation)
As a scheme that might tend to some favourable end,
Were resolv'd to promote Navigation.

II.

The lovers of commerce will freely combine,
Without any kind of evasion,
To strengthen so noble and brave a design,
And gladly embrace the occasion:
What Briton, that knows what opulence flows
From this art, but, with free approbation,
And spirit alert, will his interest exert
To support and extend Navigation.

III.

'Tis this makes our isle, in the eyes of the world,
A bulwark of terror and wonder;
What state, when our shipping their sails have unfurl'd,
But what is obliged to knock under!

In war, or in peace, all commerce would cease,
Was it not for a free Navigation;
'Tis of riches the source, when such plans we enforce,
And of freedom our dear preservation.

IV.

In Lancashire view what a laudable plan,
And brought into fine execution
By Bridgwater's duke; let us copy the man,
And stand to a good resolution.
If the waters of Trent with the Mersey have vent,
What mortal can have an objection!
And may they proceed to cut into the Tweed,
With the Scots to promote our connection.

V.

A free intercourse with our principal ports,
For trade must be certainly better;
When traffic's extended, and goods easy vended,
In consequence things will be cheaper:
Our commerce must thrive, and the arts will revive,
Which are now in a sad situation;
If we follow this notion, from ocean to ocean,
To have a complete Navigation.

VI.

To the land what advantages soon must proceed,
When once we have open'd our sluices?
Our cattle, and even the land where they feed,
Will be turn'd into far better uses:

'Tis this will enable our merchants abroad
To vie with each neighbouring nation;
Who now, as they tell us, in fact under-sell us,
For want of this free Navigation.

THE HERRING FISHERY.

I.

KIND Providence, with bounteous hand,
Confines not blessings to the land,
But, lib'ral still and free,
Thro' all Creation's ample bound,
Goodness and mercy both are found,
And wealth is in the sea:
On land alone we do not keep,
But gain a treasure from the deep.

II.

The Plowman o'er the furrow goes,
The seed the sower o'er it throws,
"The harrow shuts the scene *;"
A plenteous harvest crowns his toil,
The vallies and the farmer smile,
The poor a pittance glean:
We *plow*, but do not sow the deep,
And yet a plenteous harvest reap.

* Thomson's Spring, l. 47.

III.

True to the season of the year,
From Northern seas what shoals appear,
The Herring-myriads come;
With boats well-mann'd, we've but to set,
Of mesh secure the well-tann'd net,
A prize we carry home;
And Providence ordains we sweep
A treasure from th' unlikely deep.

IV.

For present food and Winter store
We bear them to th' expecting shore,
The chapmen come to deal;
Our fish for money we exchange,
Thro' life's advantages we range,
And Nature's joys we feel:
Contented still our way we keep,
And plenty gather from the deep.

V.

Thus, 'tis not they on land alone,
But they who to the sea go down
Confess a bounteous Lord*.
Earth gives for man and beast the grain,
Unnumber'd fishes swim the main,
Which work and food afford;
And still in mind we'll thankful keep,
The God who rules the plenteous deep.

J. P.

* Psalm cvii, v. 23, 24.

THE HAMMER'S WELCOME SOUND.

(A Chorus of Carpenters at Work in the Dock Yard.)

From the Opera of "FIRE AND WATER."

BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

CHEER, my lads, and work away,
Joyous, jolly, brisk and gay;
Freely toiling thro' the day,
Cheer, my lads, and work away.

Hark! the Hammer's Welcome Sound,
Ev'ry stroke
British oak
Makes the British heart rebound.

Hark! the Hammer strikes again;
Ev'ry blow
Britain's foe
Hears re-echo'd o'er the main.

Chear, my lads, &c.

LIFE'S LIKE A SHIP;

OR,

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

I.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low;
Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds may blow:
If unassail'd by squall or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales;
Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
While success attends our sails.

II.

Or if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn by Reason how to steer;
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

III.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray:
When thundering tempests make you shudder,
Or whirlwind on the surface rails;
Let good Discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

IV.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care, awhile, enslumber'd lay:
And, when each cann, with liquor flowing,
And good-fellowship prevails;
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink *Success unto our sails.*

ENGLAND'S BULWARKS.

I.

SHOULD danger e'er approach our coast,
The inbred spirit of the land
Would animate each heart, each hand!
Would bind us in one general host!
England, a world within itself, shall reign
Safe on our floating towers, her castles on the main.

II.

Our isle's best rampart is the sea!
The midnight march of foes it braves:
And Heav'n, that fenc'd us round with waves,
Ordain'd the people to be free!

England, &c.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

From the Opera of "THE FAIR AMERICAN."

BY FREDERIC PILON, ESQ.

I.

THRO' waves and winds, in days that are no more,
You held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore;
In pitch-dark nights your reck'ning prov'd so true,
We rode out safe the hardest gale that blew.

And when for fight the signal high was shewn,
Thro' smoke and fire, old Boreas straight bore down;
But now our timbers are not fit for sea;
Old England's Wooden Walls the toast shall be.

II.

From age to age, as ancient story shews,
We rul'd the deep in spite of envious foes;
And still aloft, tho' worlds combine, we rise;
Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties.

In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by nations sov'reigns of the main.
O would my timbers were now fit for sea!
Yet England's Wooden Walls my toast shall be.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

From " THE SILVER TANKARD."

BY LADY CRAVEN,

(The Margravine of Anspach).

Tune, Admiral Benbow.

I.

WHAT sailor is anxious great treasure to hoard?
No losses he minds while there's courage on board;
What, tho' I am stranded, my fortune's a wreck;
While two planks hold together I'll still keep the deck.

II.

My heart's splic'd with many and many a rope,
And still do I rest on the Anchor of Hope ;
Again I'm afloat, should a fair wind befriend ;
Or I go to the bottom, and so there's an end.

III.

[For he who on duty's broad ocean does sail,
His hope and his courage they never should fail ;
For, search thro' the navy, there is not a rope
Spliced firmer than that of the Anchor of Hope.

J. P.]

CAPTAIN COOK.*

From the Pantomime of "OMAI."

I.

YE chiefs of the ocean, your laurels throw by,
Or cypress entwine with a wreath ;
To prove your humanity, heave a soft sigh,
And a tear now let fall for his death.
Yet the feelings of Britons forbid us to grieve,
Since Cook, ever honour'd, immortal shall live.

* When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
As ever mingled with heroic dust,
Steer'd Britain's Oak into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory sought his own,

II.

The hero of Macedon ran o'er the world,
Yet nothing but death could he give:
'Twas George's command, and the sail was unfurl'd,
And Cook taught mankind how to live.
And the feelings, &c.

III.

He came, and he saw, not to conquer, but save,
The Cæsar of Britain was he,
Who scorn'd the ambition of making a slave,
While Britons themselves are so free.
Now the feelings, &c.

Wherever he found man, to nature true,
The rights of man were sacred in his view;
He sooth'd with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
The simple native of the new-found isle;
He spurn'd the wretch that slighted or withstood,
The tender argument of kindred blood,
Nor would endure that any should control
His free-born brethren of the Southern pole.

COWPER'S CHARITY, L. 28.

MY SHIP.

From the Opera of "THIRTY THOUSAND."

BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

I.

MY Ship's my house, my home, my land,
My family not few;
My children those whom I command,
A bold and jolly crew;
And while together thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail!

II.

For treasure, I've my seamen's love,
And if the foe intends
To venture forth, he soon may prove
The value of such friends:
For while together thus we sail,
Briton, united, must prevail!

BRITISH SAILORS.

I.

WHILE high the foaming surges rise,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the skies,
Yet sailors must not fear.
In storms, in wind,
Their duty mind:
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go,
To reef, or steer, as 'tis design'd;
No fears or dangers fill the mind.

II.

The signal for the line is made,
The haughty foe's in sight,
The bloody flag aloft display'd,
And fierce the dreadful fight.
Each minds his gun,
No dangers shun;
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go;
Though thunders roar, yet still we find,
No fears alarm the sailor's mind.

III.

[The storm is hush'd, the battle's o'er,
And all is peace again,
And he who was a foe before
Our pity shall obtain.
The vanquish'd foe
Shall ever know,
That Britons fight
Alone for right,
In war or peace alike they find,
That honour fills the sailor's mind.

Altered by J. P.]

THE BRITANNIA.

From the Opera of "THE PARAGRAPH."

BY PRINCE HOARE.

I.

BEHOLD the Britannia! how stately and brave
She floats on the ambient tides!
For empire design'd, o'er the turbulent wave
How trim and how gallant she rides!
Yet love in a true Briton's heart
With glory contends for a part;
And the fair cheek of beauty with tears is impearl'd,
When the banner, the banner of war is unfurl'd.

II.

On the shore how alert, how intrepid her crew;
How firm at their Sovereign's command!
Or dauntless o'er ocean his foes to pursue,
And die for the cause of their land!
Yet one tear, ere the heroes depart,
One sigh shall be drawn from the heart;
One kiss on the cheek with sweet sorrows impearl'd,
When the banner, the banner of war is unfurl'd.

III.

Now forth to the contest! the battle swells high,
And fierce round the vessel it roars:
Hark! the sons of Britannia "To victory!" cry,
And "victory" sounds to our shores.
Then peaceful again to their home
May the *Patriot Warriors* come;
No more the fair cheek may with tears be impearl'd,
But the banner of Peace stand forever unfurl'd.

THE TOPSAILS.

I.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
Yet still my thoughts, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:

For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

II.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O! doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales:
Thou art the compass, dearest soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

III.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

IV.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain:
Now England's glory rest with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

From "THE SERAGLIO."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board,
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well-stor'd,
Shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

II.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

III.

And on that night, when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing canns of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,

I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
The burden of my song shall be:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

I.

DISTRESS me with these tears no more,
One kiss, my girl, and then adieu,
The last boat destin'd for the shore,
Waits, dearest girl, alone for you.
Soon, soon before the light winds borne,
Shall I be sever'd from your sight;
You, left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep thro' many a stormy night,

II.

While far along the restless deep,
In trim array, the ship shall steer,
Your form Remembrance still shall keep,
Your worth Affection still revere;
And with the distance from your eyes,
My love for you shall be encreas'd,
As to the pole the needle flies,
And farthest off still varies least.

III.

While, round the bowl, the jovial crew
Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
Of you, my love, shall be my strain;
And when we've bow'd the leaguing foe,
Vindictive of our country's wrong,
Returning home, my heart shall shew
No fiction grac'd my artless song.

MY SUSAN.

I.

AUSPICIOUS shone the early ray,
Which usher'd in our bridal day,
Thrice happy twenty-ninth of May;
My Susan!

II.

Now seven years have glided by,
Since we were join'd in nuptial tie;
Nor have I once had cause to sigh,
My Susan!

III.

Except when Sorrow's child was near,
With thee I've mingled Pity's tear:
And then those were to me more dear,
My Susan!

IV.

Oh! what amidst the scenes of life,
Can soothe our passions, banish strife,
Like the endearments of a wife?
My Susan!

V.

When pain deprives the frame of rest,
Or sorrows rankle in the breast;
Who best can ease the mind depress?
My Susan!

VI.

The rich may glory in their wealth,
The young may wanton in their health;
But where is all this time *my* wealth?
My Susan?

VII.

When call'd in distant climes to roam,
Or on the land, or billowy foam,
My heart still longs to be at home:
My Susan!

VIII.

For unaccompanied by thee,
The world would nothing be to me,
But a wide waste of misery;
My Susan!

IX.

I see thee with parental care,
At eve' our children's food prepare;
And, quick as thought, I too am there;
My Susan;

X.

And thus employ'd, with youthful glee,
At table each in due degree,—
Perhaps their prattle is of me,
My Susan!

XI.

To one who loves domestic bliss,
What pleasure then can equal this?
Who would not gladly make it his?
My Susan!

XII.

To many changing life appears
"A vale of overflowing tears;"—
A waste, which not one flower cheers,
My Susan!

XIII.

To me thy presence sheds a ray,
Which brightens e'en the darkest day;
And also smooths the roughest way:
My Susan!

XIV.

The flowers of various hues combine,
That beauty may in splendour shine;
The rose without a thorn is thine,
My Susan!

XV.

As mild and gentle as a dove,
The follies of the world above;
May days and years increase our love,
My Susan!

XVI.

Thus sailing down life's rapid tide,
May I still press thee to my side;
Still love thee as when first my bride,
My Susan!

XVII.

Together may we reach that shore;
Together too that land explore,
Where worldly cares shall vex no more,
My Susan.

CONSTANTIUS,
Devon. Feb. 8. 1806.

JOLLY LADS.

Altered from the Pantomime of "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

I.

COME, come, my jolly lads,
The wind's abaft,
Brisk gales our sails shall croud;
Come bustle, bustle, bustle boys,
Hawl the boat,
The boatswain pipes aloud:
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board;
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail,
The ship's well-mann'd and stor'd.

Then, come, each jovial soul,
Old England's cause,
Religion, laws,
While foaming billows roll,
Demands that we
Prepare for sea,
The haughty foe controul.

II.

Tho' to the Frenchman's coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys;
We hope to see
Old England once again.
From shore to shore
While cannons roar,
Our tars will shew
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.
Then come, &c.

THE PILOT.

I.

WHEN light'nings pierce the pitchy sky,
And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
While roaring waves each other whelm,
The hardy pilot takes the helm;
He puts to sea, resolv'd to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

II.

The signals of distress he hears,
And to the found'ring vessel steers.
He loudly hails th' exhausted crew,
Who, cheer'd by him, their toils renew,
And bless the Pilot come to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

III.

They work the pumps with double force,
He calmly points the helmsman's course:
His steady orders all obey,
And now the vessel on her way
Pursues, the Pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

IV.

With anxious care her course they keep,
She struggling rides the angry deep;
In smoother waters soon she sails,
The crew huzza, then warmly hails
The hardy Pilot, bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

THE SAILOR'S BOSOM.

From "LOCK AND KEY."

BY PRINCE HOARE.

I.

WHEN Britain, on the foaming main,
Her native reign,
Bids her sons their rights declare,
Soon as her fires have taught the foe
Again to know
Who their dauntless conquerors are,

The Sailor's Bosom swells with joy:
Beyond the glory to destroy,
He feels the power to save;
And, conqu'ring, views a foe no more,
In him who sought his life before,
But lifts him from the wave.

II.

Tho' seas are rolling mountains high,
Our boats we ply:
'Tis a fellow-creature falls!
See him raise his hands in fear,
And, wond'ring, hear
The cheering voice that life recalls.

The Sailor's Bosom, &c.

BRITANNIA'S CLIFFS,

On a Return from a long Voyage.

From "THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xliii. p. 58."

I.

NOW Britannia' Cliffs aspiring,
Opening on the distant view;
Anxious hope each bosom firing,
Swells with joy our eager crew.

II.

Long to genial home been strangers,
Ocean's varied perils o'er,
Haply 'scap'd its deadly dangers,
Pleas'd they greet th' approaching shore.

III.

Some connubial bliss possessing
Fond resolves within his mind,
Wife and children fond caressing,
Friendship firm and Fortune kind.

IV.

Or love-lorn swain with ardour burning,
Hope inspires to meet his fair,
Patient wait his fond returning,
In her arms to end his care.

V.

Thoughts distracting now possess him;
Jealousy his soul alarms;
Secret doubts with fear oppress him,
Lest she's blest some rival's arms.

VI.

Some in Pleasure's giddy current
Hope to drown the lubber Care,
Nor weens her billows, with a torrent,
Sweep the path to dire despair.

VII.

Hope, the charmer, fond, delusive,
Care-corroding thought destroys,
'Till pale Fear, with looks intrusive,
Checks each bliss, and damps our joys.

VIII.

Happiness our search employing,
Yet how few her grasp attain,
Still in prospect, ne'er enjoying,
Close pursuing, still in vain.

IX.

Like the rain-bow's fleeting basis,
To the school-boy's following eyes,
Still retreating as he chases,
As he grasps it fading flies.

THE HARDY SONS OF BRITAIN'S ISLE.

From "FIRE AND WATER."

I.

THE Hardy Sons of Britain's Isle,
Undaunted yield their breath;
And cheer their country with a smile,
In danger and in death.

II.

When hostile troops invade their shores,
They move in dread array;
Resistance all its fury pours,
And terror marks their way.

III.

When Peace with soften'd brow invites,
And ev'ry hour's serene,
They seek fair Virtue's calm delights,
And court the tranquil scene.

FAITHFUL TOM.

I.

BEHOLD from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where tempests burst and billows roar,
Your Faithful Tom returns again;
Returns and brings with him a heart,
Which ne'er from Sally shall depart.

II.

After long toil and dangers past,
How sweet to tread our native soil;
With conquest to come home at last,
And deck our sweet-hearts with the spoil?
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend.

STORM AND CALM.

From the Opera of "THE RIVAL CANDIDATES."

BY THE REV. H. BATE DUDLEY.

I.

AS the midnight tempest raging
Strikes the sailor with dismay,
Furious winds and waves engaging,
Banish every hope of day.

II.

But at dawn their wrath subsiding,
Ocean wears a tranquil face,
Joy, thro' ev'ry current gliding,
Calms his bosom into peace.

MY MUG OF BEER.

I.

An alehouse I never frequent,
And yet I am fond of good cheer,
As for me, I am ever content
With my home and My Mug of Beer.

II.

In an alehouse men oft are profane,
They are loose in their talk and they swear,
But sweet is the talk we maintain
At my home with My Mug of Beer.

III.

A bushel of malt oft we brew,
And, tho' small is my drink, it is clear,
And excesses I always eschew
At my home with My Mug of Beer.

IV.

We cheerfully sit round the fire,
My wife and my children all share,
And tho' labour i'th' day make me tire,
Rest's at home with My Mug of Beer.

V.

And sometimes, to heighten our joy,
A friend to my house will repair,
And an hour in chat we employ,
With our friend and our Mug of Beer.

VI.

No pleasure I farther desire,
For me is sufficient the cheer,
With my friend o'er our family fire,
At my home with My Mug of Beer. J. P.

THE FUMES OF WINE.

BY BURNS.

I.

THE friend whom wild from Wisdom's way,
The Fumes of Wine infuriate send;
(Not mooney madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

II.

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,—
And do I still such scenes outlive!—
Scenes so abhorrent from my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

FRIENDSHIP.

From the Opera of "POLLY."

BY GAY.

I.

ALL Friendship is a mutual debt,
The contract's inclination:
We never can that bond forget
Of sweet retaliation.

II.

All day, and ev'ry day the same,
We're paying and still owing;
By turns we grant, by turns we claim
The pleasure of bestowing.

FLATTERERS.

I.

NO mischief worthier of our fear
In nature can be found,
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.

II.

For lull'd into a dangerous dream
We close infold a foe,
Who strikes when most secure we seem
Th' inevitable blow.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY C. RICHARDSON.

I.

FRIENDSHIP! thou oft abused name,
How seldom is thy sacred flame,
By its professors known;
Awhile they seem to be sincere,
But if Adversity appear
How soon their love is gone.

II.

When prosp'rous fortune smil'd around,
A friend in ev'ry face I found,
Who seem'd devoid of art;
By fair appearances deceiv'd,
Their friendship I sincere believ'd,
And plac'd them in my heart.

III.

But when Adversity drew near,
With aspect rugged and severe,
And seiz'd me as her prey;
When sorrow pierc'd my widow'd breast,
And adverse storms my soul opprest,
With anguish and dismay;

IV.

When sinking underneath the blow,
Which laid my earthly comforts low,
I sought relief to find
From those, who still to me were dear,
Too soon I found what seem'd sincere
Was wavering as the wind.

V.

'Tis in Affliction's dreary hour,
That Friendship's lenient hand should pour
The salutary balm,
Which in affection may be found
Of pow'r to heal the deepest wound,
To make the tempest calm.

VI.

But, ah! how little have ye known
Of Friendship, who could thus disown
The victim of distress;
Could leave the mind by anguish torn,
In lonely misery to mourn
Past scenes of happiness.

VII.

Their altered manners I essay,
With cool indiff'rence to repay,
But vain the attempt is found,
The dear delusion cherish'd long,
Has ev'ry tender feeling wrung,
And open'd every wound.

VIII.

Yet am I not of all bereft,
A little remnant yet is left,
Who still unchang'd remain;
Whose hearts with kind compassion glow,
Who sympathize in every woe,
And soften ev'ry pain.

IX.

O ye, whose fost'ring bosoms melt,
At sorrows by another felt,
Ye friends so firm and true;
So long as Memory holds her seat,
My heart shall never cease to beat,
With grateful love for you.

X.

But chief, to Him who bade your souls,
Responsive beat at Pity's calls,
My highest praise be giv'n;
And may the friendship now so sweet,
Be, when around his throne we meet,
Renew'd again in heav'n!

FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GRAVES.

I.

PARENT of Joy! thou kind relief
Of ev'ry care, of ev'ry grief,
Ah! whither art thou fled?
Whilst faithless smiles and forc'd grimace,
And Flattery's hypocritic face
Are honour'd in thy stead.

II.

Ye courtly tribe*, whose laws refin'd
Make men less virtuous and less kind,
Hence! to the Gallic shore.
Come, ye rough Britons, void of art,
Who speak the language of the heart,
And Friendship's joys restore.

* See Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

III.

As darts the sun in radiant streams
O'er the chaotic mass its beams,
And lights the vast profound:
Thus Friendship gilds the gloom of life;
Thus dissipates each jarring strife,
And spreads its joys around.

IV.

Affliction drops her pensive head;
Her child bemoans, or consort dead,
Or weeps some dire disgrace:
Friendship with sympathetic woe,
Or shares the tears that ceaseless flow,
Or wipes them from her face.

V.

Cordial of life! thus Friendship pours
Her comforts o'er our heavier hours,
And makes the burden light;
Or sprightly sheds Joy's gladsome rays,
Illuminates our happier days,
And bids them shine more bright.

VI.

When Damon* for his Pythias mourn'd,
An hostage 'till his Friend return'd,
Such love could e'en subdue

* A known story.—Valer. Max. Tull. Off. l. iii. 45.

The Tyrant's self their Friend to live;
Who thus, what kingdoms cannot give,
The sweets of Friendship knew.

VII.

Yet tho' the Great may hope to gain,
How oft they wish, alas! in vain
True Friendship's charms to prove!
Their pow'r inferior folks may fear,
Haply their virtues may revere—
But can they claim our *love?*

VIII.

Yes; let them nobly lay aside
Their state, reserve, and empty pride,
And humbly condescend
Their breasts to Friendship to unfold,
And gain, what ne'er was bought with gold,
A constant, cordial Friend.

IX.

Ah! what avails it, bounteous Heav'n,
That mitres, truncheons, crowns were giv'n,
Or India's wealth were mine?
If you substantial bliss would give,
With Friendship blest, oh! let me live,
Or—life itself resign.

THE BUD.

From " STANZAS TO THE REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN.

BY COWPER.

I.

AN union form'd, we often see,
Not rashly, or in sport,
May be as fervent in degree,
And faithful in its sort,
And may as rich in comfort prove,
As that of true fraternal love.

II.

The Bud inserted in the rind,
The Bud of peach or rose,
Adorns, tho' diff'ring in its kind,
The stock whereon it grows,
With flow'r as sweet, or fruit as fair,
As if produc'd by Nature there.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

BY GAY.

I.

MARIANNE, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream,
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! should fill her head
But a fountain or a mead,
Water and a willow?

II.

"Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells,
Which sweet woodbine covers.
What are your *Assemblies* then?
There 'tis true we see more men;
But much fewer lovers."

III.

"Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
Coxcombs without number!
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at *ombre*."

IV.

" Pleasant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
E'en of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd when we're away,
What we lent to others."

V.

" Though the fav'rite *toast* I reign;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?"

VI.

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay,
The cause of all her sorrow.
But though thus thou think'st to-night,
I fear the town can give delight,
Should'st thou win to-morrow.

A LOVE SONG,

Adapted to the Mercenary Manners of the Age.

BY HENRY CARTER, ESQ*.

I.

BOAST not to me the charms that grace
The finest form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom, and feature I despise;
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wise.

II.

Come then, my Crœsa, fill my arms,
With all thy various store of charms;
Charms that of Time defy the rage,
And laugh at wrinkles and old age.

III.

Come then, oh! come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh! bring the deeds of thy estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

* Mr. Carter, to whom I was indebted for several songs in the former volumes, died at Leicester, in August 1806. This song is taken from a volume of "Poems, chiefly by Susanna Watts."

IV.

Still keep, unseen, those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasures in the stocks;
Oh! hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

V.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks, unheeded, blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds and scrip.

VI.

Can aught with those bright eyes compare?
Thy diamonds, nymph, still brighter are.
Can aught those pearly teeth excel?
Thy pearls themselves please me as well.

VII.

Say, dost thou boast that beauteous arm?
Its bracelet boasts a richer charm;
Those fingers too are lovely things,
But lovelier far their brilliant rings.

VIII.

My passion, nymph, brooks no delay,
For charms which never feel decay;
Charms which will mock thy fleeting breath,
And yield their raptures after death.

WRINKLES.

From the Opera of "THE PADLOCK."

BY BICKERSTAFF.

I.

WHEN a woman's front is wrinkled,
And her hairs are sprinkled
With gray,
Well-a-day!
How her lovers fall away;
Like fashions past,
Aside she's cast,
No one respect will pay:

Remember, lasses, remember,
And while the sun shines make hay,
You must not expect in December,
The flowers you have gather'd in May.

II.

[But if, when young, she was inclin'd
To beautify her mind,
And store
Against that hour,
Virtues ever shining lore;
Stead of neglect,
She meets respect,
And still retains her power:

Remember, &c. J. P.]

FEMALE CHARMS.

BY THE REV. JOSIAH RELPH.

I.

ALL female charms, I own, my fair,
In that accomplish'd form combine;
Yet, why this proud, assuming air?
The praise is Nature's—none of thine.

II.

Would'st thou, with just pretensions, claim
Of our applause an equal share,
Be thy desert, my dear, the same,
And prove as kind as thou art fair.

COMMON SENSE.

I.

TO reason, ye fair ones, assert your pretence,
Nor hearken to language beneath Common Sense:
When angels men call ye, and homage would pay,
If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

II.

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view,
Ten thousand oaths sworn, but not one of them true;
Such passions, O heed not, unless to deride,
Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride,

III.

Prefer ye the dictates of Virtue to sound,
True blessings can ne'er without goodness be found,
Leave folly and fashions, misguiders of youth,
And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth.

RUSTIC CHARMS.

From " THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS."

I.

BEHOLD the simple rustic lass,
Who roves without constraint,
A stream is all her looking-glass,
And health her only paint.

II.

The charms she boasts, altho' they're few,
She gives to Nature's care,
As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
They cannot want repair.

TOO YIELDING A CARRIAGE.

From "THE WATERMAN."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

TOO Yielding a Carriage
Has oft before marriage
To ruin and misery pointed the way;
You're shunn'd if complying,
But your lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow and beg you to stay.

II.

A coquet ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy, whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial,
Was only a trial,
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life?

THE MOST WORTHY.

From "THE WATERMAN."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

IN vain, dear friends, each art you try;
To neither lover's suit inclin'd,
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.

The empty coxcomb, which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that Folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

II.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd;
But it proceeded from my fears;
Than me, much wiser are deceiv'd:

I thank you both then for your love,
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

RURAL BEAUTY.

From "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

BY MR. SKEFFINGTON.

I.

WHERE is Ellen, Rural Beauty?
Ah! in pity tell me where:
Well she claims a heart of duty,
Ardent love and tender care.

II.

Tho' time should fade the rose of youth,
The mind may still be vernal;
Increase of years but strengthens truth,
And virtue is eternal!—

Where is Ellen, Rural Beauty?
Point the path, conduct me there;
Reason sanctions fondest duty,
Ardent love and tender care.

III.

Some graces time will steal away,
Some graces nobly cherish;
Beauty, like flowers, must soon decay,
But sense can never perish!

Where then is Rural Beauty?
Ellen pure is Ellen fair!
Mine is still a heart of duty,
Ardent love and tender care.

A SIGH.

I.

GENTLE air! thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a secret fire,
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ere yet daring to aspire.

II.

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
Harmony's refined part;
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Fall upon the list'ners heart.

III.

Softest messenger of passion,
Stealing thro' a cloud of spies,
Which constrain the outward fashion,
Close the lips and guard the eyes.

IV.

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can shew thee,
Form'd but to assault the ear;
Yet, ere to their cost they know thee,
Ev'ry maid may read thee here.

A FAITHFUL HEART.

From "LOVE IN A VILLAGE."

I.

HEED the voice of soft persuasion,
Take the hapless lover's part;
Seize, oh! seize, some kind occasion
To reward A Faithful Heart.

II.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.
Heed the voice, &c.

III.

What is grandeur? Foe to rest;
Childish mummery, at best.
Happy I, in humble state!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Heed the voice, &c.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art,
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are the words of the heart;

II.

If aught of substantial delight,
On this side the grave can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And Love by fair Marriage is crown'd.

THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

From the Opera of "FIRE AND WATER."

BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

I.

FOR thee all the hardships of life I could bear,
And brave the attacks of misfortune and care;
But care and misfortune my mind would subdue,
If The Friend of my Heart must partake of them too.

II.

Had Providence' bounty propitiously lent
Enough but to furnish the Cot of Content,
The dictates of Love in that Cot I'd pursue,
For The Friend of my Heart would partake of it too.

III.

But Nancy, with naught but her truth to endear,
With nothing to lend to Distress but a tear,
Can ne'er look for comfort with ruin in view,
And the Friend of her Heart to partake of it too.

TO LOVE AND BE LOVED.

I.

TO love and be lov'd, how transporting the bliss,
To give and receive the soft conjugal kiss;
To see a young race of sweet prattlers around,
Is a pleasure superior to all can be found!

II.

Let libertines rail at the joys they ne'er know,
Such joys as from rambling can sure never flow;
A bottle and Thais may please for a night,
But wedlock affords never-fading delight.

III.

Tho' censure may seem to have room for its rage,
In this money-job, scandalous, match-making age;
When parents and guardians their children dispose,
As chapmen at Smithfield buy horses and cows.

IV.

But calmly consider true love as the source,
And wedlock will surely be happy of course;
Yet a competent fortune will certainly please,
For life is more pleasant if past thro' with ease.

V.

'Tis prudent, I own, ere you marry to see
If your means will support a wife easy and free;
For cavils in wedlock will rise, to be sure,
When industry can't keep the wolf from the door.

VI.

But when fortune and love both together combine,
And beauty and sense too as mutually join;
Let them rail on who will, I am certain of this,
That wedlock, so plann'd, is the height of all bliss.

A WIFE.

I.

THAT man, who, for life, is blest with a wife,
Is sure in a happy condition;
Go things how they will, she abides by him still,
She's comforter, friend, and physician.

II.

Pray where is the joy, to trifle and toy,
Yet dread some disaster from beauty?
How sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
Where love mingles pleasure with duty.

III.

One extravagant miss wo'n't cost a man less
Than a wife and her children, if saving,
A wife she will spare, that her children may share,
But a mistress ever is craving.

THE LOVER.

From "THE ACCOMPLISHED MAID."

ROBIN.

WHEN you discover
A faithful lover
Who from his truth will ne'er depart,
Then's in your power
Love's choicest flower,
If grafted in an honest heart

FANNY.

When men pursuing
Girls to their ruin,
Boast that love's flow'r in the heart sweetly blows;
Tho' they protest and swear,
Maids, dread the subtle snare,
'Tis hard to say where constancy grows.

LOVE.

FROM THE SAME.

LOVE, when constant hearts unite,
Rewards their pangs with true delight:
To make the gen'rous passion last,
Let Truth and Virtue bind it fast.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

From "THE ORACLE."

BY MRS. CIBBER.

I.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
Ye Lovers, these instructions mind,
Conceal the passion in your breast,
Be dumb, insensible and blind:

But when with tender looks you meet,
And see the artless blushes rise,
Be silent, loving, and discreet,
And this is what I would advise.

II.

When once you prove the maid sincere,
Where virtue is with beauty join'd,
Then boldly like yourself appear,
No more insensible, or blind:
Pour forth the transports of your heart,
And speak your soul without disguise;
'Tis fondness, fondness must impart;
And this is what I would advise.

III.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the snare
That still entraps all woman-kind;
Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
Be deaf, insensible, and blind;
But should some fond deserving youth
Agree to join in marriage ties,
Be tender, constant, crown his truth;
And this is what I would advise.

GREEN LEAVES.

From the Opera of "MATRIMONY."

BY JAMES KENNEY.

I.

A SAGE once to a maiden sung,
While Summer Leaves were growing
Experience dwelt upon his tongue,
With love her heart was glowing:
The Summer bloom will fade away,
And will no more be seen;
These flowers that look so fresh and gay,
Will not be ever green;
For the Green Leaves all turn yellow.

II.

'Tis thus with the delights of love,
The youthful heart beguiling;
Believe me, you will find them prove
As transient—tho' as smiling:
As long they flourish ere they fade,
As sadly I have seen;
Yes, like the Summer flowers, fair maid,
Oh! none are ever green;
For the Green Leaves all turn yellow.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

From "WALTON'S ANGLER."

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

I.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

II.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

III.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

IV.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
And, if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

V.

Thy yellow dishes for thy meat,
As precious as as e'en lords do eat,
Shall on a napkin'd table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

VI.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each *May* morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

I.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

II.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
When *Philomel* becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

III.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

IV.

Thy gowns so fine, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

V.

What should we talk of daintics then,
Of better meat than suits plain men?
These are but vain; that's only good,
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

VI.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

From the Opera of "THE FARMER."

BY O'KEEFE.

I.

I will not court the town-bred fair,
Who shines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare,
Claim more our love, respect and duty.
O my bonny maid, sweet blossom,
Was I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

II.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common,
One humble wish alone is mine,
And what I ask's A Virtuous Woman.
O my bonny maid, &c.

THE LADY'S CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

BY MR. T. ADNEY.

I.

I'D have a man of sense and air,
The pride of ev'ry virtuous fair;
Genteel in make, in stature tall,
Attach'd to me, polite to all.

II.

No powder'd, silly, flatt'ring beau,
Who of good sense doth nothing know:
A man of science, fond of books,
Who's temper's equal to his looks.

III.

No jealous fears I'd have annoy
The pleasing prospect of our joy;
That life a scene of love may be
To the dear youth, the world, and me:

IV.

I'd have this mild and gentle youth
Inspir'd with wisdom, grace and truth;
And, as for wealth, I'll not repine,
If he has none, I'll give him mine.

THE RICHES OF LOVE.

Altered from a Song in "THE DUENNA."

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

I.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind!
And by this hand I press'd to mine!
To gain a subject nation's love,
In truth I would not part with thine.

II.

Then how, my love, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy!
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontrol'd in mutual love,
And rich in an exhaustless mine,
A treasure shall my heart still prove,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

FEMALE TRUTH.

From "THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS."

BY SIR R. STEEL.

I.

DOES the languid soul complain,
Virtuous love shall chase the pain;
Or if love would Truth attend,
Honour shall be Virtue's friend.

II.

Glory is not half so fair
As bright Virtue's rising star;
Female Truth, with sense combin'd,
Wins and claims the gen'rous mind.

REASONABLE LOVE.

BY THE REV. T. WESLEY.

Tune, Kauld Kale in Aberdeen.

I.

HOW much they err, who throw their love
On Fate or Fortune wholly;
Whom only rants and flights can move,
And rapture join'd with folly!

For how can pleasure solid be,
Where thought is out of season?
Do I love you, or you love me,
My dear, without a reason.

II.

One sense then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradise expecting;
Yet envying none the trifling joy,
That will not bear reflecting.

For Wisdom's pow'r (since after all
E'en life is past the curing,)
Can soothe the worst that may befall,
And makes the best enduring.

PASSION OF THE PUREST NATURE.

From " MAY-DAY."

BY GARRICK.

I.

PASSION of the purest Nature,
Glows within this faithful breast,
While I gaz'd on each lov'd feature,
Love will let me know no rest.

II.

Thus the ewe her lamb caressing,
Watches with a mother's fear,
While she eyes her little blessing,
Thinks the cruel wolf is near.

PARENTS.

Altered from an old English Song.

BY BURNS.

Tune, John Anderson my jo.

I.

HOW cruel are the Parents,
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice.

Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

II.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries;
'Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

IF 'TIS LOVE.

From "THE FRIENDLY TARS."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

IF 'tis Love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove:
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,
If this be loving—then I love.

II.

If when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of the All-ruling power
That you may kind and faithful prove:
If void of falshood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure now we meet,
If this be loving—then I love.

III.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determin'd never to forsake,
Tho' low in poverty we strove;
If so that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all;
If this be loving—then I love.

FORTUNE.

From the Opera of "THE DUENNA."

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

I.

THOU can'st not boast of Fortune's store,
My love! while me they wealthy call;
But I was glad to find thee poor—
For, with my heart, I'd give thee all:
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

II.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall shew,
That I the smallest thought retain,
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

THE LOVER.

I.

NIGHT and day the anxious Lover
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care?

II.

Warm as Summer his addresses,
Hope and ardour in his eyes;
Cool as Winter his caresses,
When she yields a captive prize.

III.

Now, the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face;
Half is love, the rest is duty,
Pleasure seems but in the chace.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND:

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

I.

O THOU! whose piercing eye surveys
The inmost secrets of my soul,
O guide me in thy sacred ways,
And all my actions, Lord, controul.

II.

Wisely to chuse is my desire,
But, O! do thou that choice direct,
And let thy grace my soul inspire,
The false pretender to detect.

III.

My future happiness or woe,
Upon my present choice depend,
Shew me the way I ought to go,
And be my father and my friend!

IV.

Let not this treach'rous heart of mine
To inclination yield the sway,
But unto thee my fate resign,
And wait, 'till thou shalt point the way.

A WIFE.

I.

GOOD people, give ear to my ditty,
In praise of dear woman I sing,
My song, tho' it may not be witty,
Is fit for the ear of a King.
When Adam at first was created,
And lord of the universe crown'd,
His happiness was not completed
Until that a help-mate was found.

II.

He had all things for food that he wanted
Which give men delight thro' their lives,
The beasts with his sway were contented,
All in earth and in water that thrives.
His garden was planted by Nature,
Such as none can produce in this life,
But yet the All-wise Great Creator
Still knew that he wanted a Wife.

III.

Then Adam was laid in a slumber,
Until he lost part of his side,
And, when he awoke, in a wonder
He beheld his most beautiful bride.

With transport he gaz'd then upon her,
His happiness then was complete,
He praised the bountiful Donor
Who thus had bestow'd him a mate.

IV.

She was not ta'en out of his head, Sir,
To triumph or reign over man,
Nor yet was ta'en out of his feet, Sir,
By man to be trampled upon.
But she was ta'en out of his side, Sir,
A partner and help-mate so free;
And God did in wisdom decide, Sir,
That man her protector should be.

V.

So, let not the fair be despis'd, Sir,
By man, as she's part of himself,
For woman by Adam was priz'd, Sir,
E'en more than the world full of wealth.
So man without woman wants life, Sir,
Unmarried the world gives no rest,
But the man who has got a good Wife, Sir,
With more than the world he is blest.

N. B. Of this song I have met with no printed copy. It was a favourite song at the Harvest-Homes at Hinxton, and was dictated to me by my clerk. I have made some alterations in it, both for the sake of metre and of sentiment.

THE CONFIDING COUPLE.

I.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed, so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,

II.

No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
And *bread* as well as children send,
If we our industry exert,
We ne'er shall come to any hurt.

III.

Behold the hen in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw,
In search of corn among the straw;

IV.

But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen that self-same hen
That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.

V.

These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my *girl* without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me!

THE MARRIED MAN.

I.

I AM married and happy—with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
And who only loose pleasures engage.

You may laugh; but, believe me, you're all in the wrong,
When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

II.

The joys, which from lawless connections arise,
Are fugitive—never sincere;
Oft stolen with haste, or but snatch'd by surprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:

But those, which in lawful attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry embitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

III.

The love which ye boast of deserves not that name;
True love is with virtue combin'd;
But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;
Ye are led and misled by flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

IV.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
My answer is short—from a Wife,
Who for virtue, for sense, and good nature I chose,
Which are beauties that charm us for life:

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;
And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
By our mutual endeavours to please.

AN AMIABLE WIFE.

I.

HERE attend, all ye swains,
And ye maids of the plains,
Quit your flocks and your herds for a while;
Hither quickly repair,
In our mirth a part share,
And each lass her love meet with a smile.

II.

Hark! the drum wedlock beats;
Hark! how echo repeats
The sweet sound as it flies swift away;
O'er hills and o'er dales,
Ev'ry ear it assails,
And mocks their dull tedious delay.

III.

O how happy is he
Who contented can be
To enjoy the best treasure of life!
All he'd wish e'er to gain
He'll be sure to obtain,
In a prudent and sensible Wife.

IV.

Should the rover pretend
These joys will soon end,
And that love will expire with the moon;
Mark how pain and disease
The gay libertine seize
Ere he reaches the height of life's noon.

V.

But how wretched indeed
Is the man who's decreed
From the arms of his fair one to part!
The endeavours are vain
To assuage the sharp pain
Which is felt in a love-troubled heart.

VI.

Though life's busy scene
May oft help to serene,
And disperse the dark clouds of despair;
Yet when night's silent noon
Helps to add to its gloom,
Who can say what the mind suffers there?

VII.

Haste this day to employ,
Thus devoted to joy,
And with innocent mirth let's abound,
Thus in chorus we'll sing,
While the village shall ring
With music of Joy's cheerful sound.

VIII.

May all present attain,
A life free from pain!
Ever strangers to discord or strife!
May the single soon find,
In the maiden who's kind,
The joys of An Amiable Wife.

A WIFE.

BY COWPER.

I.

WHAT is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a Wife;
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?

II.

The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows
Where'er the headlong water flows.

MARRIAGE.

From the Opera of "ACHILLES."

BY GAY.

WHAT are the jests that on Marriage you quote?
All ignorant bachelors censure by rote;
Like critics, you view it, with envy or spleen,
You pry out its faults, but the good is o'erseen.

MARRIAGE.

From " POPE'S CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF MARCUS BRUTUS."

WHAT is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust;
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.

But wedlock's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as the cold moon's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

OH, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;

What tender passions take their turns,
What homefelt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

Hence, guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine.
Purest loves, unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Marriage! these are thine.

MARRIAGE.

I.

AVAUNT, ye traducers of love,
Whom passions more sordid enslave,
Too base for an ardour to move,
That glows in the good and the brave:
Oh: in me may the purest of fire
Be kindled by beauty and worth,
And then in the fair I admire,
May love take reciprocal birth.

II.

With a bloom like the rich-colour'd morn,
From her eyes let intelligence beam;
With a form all the graces adorn,
May the charms of her mind be supreme.

What accents from rapture would flow,
When with pleasure she heard my soft tale:
Yet to utter the joys I should know,
The sweetest of accents must fail.

III.

Then here, welcome Marriage, repair,
And preside with beneficent pow'r,
While I lead in fond triumph my fair,
Nothing loth to the conjugal bow'r.
Bring my friends in gay circles around,
To approve with unanimous voice;
And abroad bid blithe Echo resound
In applause of the dignified choice.

IV.

Then o'er the connubial rites
May Harmony influence shed;
And still to enhance its delights,
Crown with issue the undefil'd bed.
Can life boast a tenderer bliss,
Than feels the fond parent who sees
His babes for the coveted kiss,
Ambitiously climbing his knees?

THE HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
(Which modern wits and fools despise)
Of Husband and of Wife.

II.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss,
The tender look, the loving kiss,
E'en years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

III.

Have I a wish, 'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish, 'tis all for me;
So soft our moments move,
That friends behold with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live and love.

IV.

If cares arise, and cares will come,
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair,
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it in my breast.

V.

Have I joy, 'tis all her own,
For her's and mine are all but one,
Our hearts are so entwin'd,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

From COWPER.

I.

THE kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

II.

But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all—
A blemish or a sense impair'd—
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,

III.

Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar
And tumult and intestine war.

IV.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;

V.

Surviving beauty, charms, and youth,
Its vital principle is truth,
And lives when that exterior grace,
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.

VI.

'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.

VII.

But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shews love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

SUBSTANTIAL DELIGHT.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art,
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart:

If aught of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis, sure, when this couple unite,
And true love by marriage is crown'd.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

BY COWPER.

I.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied,
No the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And Winter has deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the Spring,
Tho' abroad they are frozen and dead.

II.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay,
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

III.

See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Thro' many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the Winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

FILIAL DUTY.

From the Opera of "LOVE'S TRIALS."

BY MR. PRATT.

I.

NOT the bloom of budding roses,
Not the ruddy tints of day,
Not the fragrance Spring discloses,
Breathing all the balms of May;
Nor Love's soft sigh, nor blush of Beauty,
Are so sweet as Filial Duty.

II.

Parents are the richest treasure
Heaven on children can bestow,
Purest passion, sweetest pleasure,
From those sacred fountains flow,
Nor Love's soft sigh, &c.

III.

As, yon guardian elm caressing,
Woodbines strengthen while they twine,
Kind supports of ev'ry blessing,
Parents are our props divine;
Nor Love's soft sigh, &c.

MY AGED MOTHER.

I.

DEAR Mother, when age and infirmities take thee,
And thou in Life's troubles draw'st near to an end,
O think not that I will, an ingrate, forsake thee,
But rather thy wants and thy wishes befriend:
I'll think of thy love in my youth's helpless day,
And strive all thy kindness and care to repay.

II.

Tho' reason decay, as life draws to a close,
And feebleness seize on thy once stouter frame,
I, for worlds, thy infirmities will not expose,
I'll be eyes to thee blind, I'll be feet to thee lame:
Nor trouble I'll think it, I ne'er will repine,—
You foster'd my childhood, and I'll cherish thine.

III.

How anxious and tender you took thought for me.
When heedless and blind, for myself I car'd not,
Amidst youthful follies I thought not on thee,
But by thee was I never one moment forgot:
O, let me, then, now, in thy service engage,
You the stay of my youth, I the staff of thy age.

IV.

E'en speech, thought, and reason, from thee did I learn,
All that makes human nature superior to brute,
It was you taught me virtue from vice to discern,
And to see God in all safe from anxious dispute;
You taught me to God how my prayers I might say,
And to God I will now for my Dear Mother pray.

V.

And if I can now thy life's evening cheer,
Ere finally death bring thy day to a close,
Thus pressing thy hand, we will mingle a tear,
The tear of affection, the soother of woes:
And when in the grave thy remains shall rest cold,
Still warm in my heart I thy mem'ry will hold.

PASSION AND REASON.

From the Opera of " THE ISLANDERS."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

PASSION is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down every height,
A turbulent unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.

II.

Reason's a fountain, calm, serene,
Which near gay fields, and laughing bow'rs,
While it reflects th' enchanting scene,
Is borne among a bed of flowers.

VIRTUE.

From " THE NOBLE PEASANT."

BY HOLCROFT.

I.

VIRTUE bids us conquer passion,
Hard the victory we obtain ;
Hard to vanquish inclination,
But the pleasure pays the pain.

II.

If a moment Virtue waver,
She, restor'd to former peace,
Pleas'd that vice could not enslave her,
Feels her energy increase.

THE NOBLEST HEART.

From " THE ROSE."

BY DR. ARNE.

THE Noblest Heart, like purest gold,
Resists impressions while 'tis cold;
But melted down in Love's bright flame,
Soft and complying to the test,
It takes the image first imprest,
And bears it in the faithful breast,
Through circling years the same.

LIFE.

From the Opera of " ROBIN HOOD."

BY LEONARD MACNALLY, ESQ.

I.

HARK! the warbling choir sings,
Hark! the azure welkin rings,
Hills with joy resound;
Cowslips glad the laughing fields,
Fragrant thyme its odour yields,
Violets breathe around.

II.

Elms their verdant honours spread,
Dew-props gild the mossy bed,
Daisies bloom among;
Soft and joyous thro' the skies,
Thousands sprightly voices rise,
Echo joins the song.

III.

Blissful scenes soon pass away,
Pride's the glimmer of a day,
Flies on rapid wing;
Learn to know, vain mortal man,
Fleeting Life is but a span,
Emblem of the Spring.

CONSCIOUS RECTITUDE.

From the Opera of "THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA."

BY O'KEEFE.

I.

THE musk-rose blooms in thorns and tears,
Yet queen of all the garden reigns;
While Fanny in a cloud appears,
Her virgin lustre she retains:

If foes or cruel friends unkind,
A thought consoles each deep distress,
That Conscious Rectitude of mind,
In Fortune's frown has pow'r to bless.

II.

For sweets, the tulip proud and gay,
Unto the humble violet yields;
And Philomel's sequester'd lay
Transcends the chorus of the fields:

If foes, &c.

AN HONEST LIVING.

From "THE SERAGLIO."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

THE world's a strange world, child, it must be confest,
We all of distress have our share,
But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
Why, in truth, 'tis no great matter where.

We all must put up with what Heaven hath sent,
Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
So there's but a portion of ease and content,
Why, in truth, 'tis no great matter which.

II.

A living's a living, and so there's an end;
If one honestly gets just enow,
And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
Why, in truth, 'tis no great matter how.

In this world about nothing we busied appear;
And, I've said it again and again,
Since quit it we must, if one's conscience be clear,
Why, in truth, 'tis no great matter when.

THAT POOR SPOT.—A Glee.

BY DIBDIN.

I.

WOULD you know where Freedom dwells,
Where jovial hearts carouse and sing,
Haunt these grots, explore these cells,
Here ev'ry subject is a king.

II.

Sprightly mirth inhabits here,
And joy that knows no listless pause;
For how should we dull sorrow fear,
Who square our lives by *Reason*'s laws.

III.

What's fortune!—is it chance or worth?
Peasant and Prince their race must run—
Nor is there that Poor Spot on earth
But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

THE GUEST AND THE SPY.

From "THE FORTUNE-HUNTER."
BY DIBDIN.

I.

THE willing soul well pleas'd delights
To heal the stranger's grief;
Nor will its hospitable rights
From worth withhold relief:
But still we should—deceitful lest
The tear we wish to dry—
Distinguish 'twixt the generous Guest
And the insidious Spy.

II.

Our passions each should, station'd well,
Have some good post apart,
And, as a wary centinel,
Prudence should guard the heart.
Thus, like a camp, the human breast
Might a surprise defy;
Rewarding still the generous Guest,
And punishing the Spy.

HEALTH.

From the Pantomime of "THE GENIUS OF NONSENSE."

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

COME then, ah come, beloved Health,
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seasoning of all good below,
The sovereign friend in joy and woe;
O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd,
Root of the soft and rosy face,
The vivid pulse, each charm, each grace,
The spirits, when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!

SOLID JOYS.

From the Pantomime of "THE CHOICE OF HARLEQUIN."

LET not pain or toil dismay thee,
Fashion rule, or vice betray thee;
Guilty pleasures cannot last,
Crackling thorns are quickly past;
Flash with momentary fire,
Blaze awhile and soon expire:
Solid Joys, unmix'd with woe,
Virtue only can bestow.

JEALOUSY.

From "THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

WHEN jealous out of season,
When deaf and blind to reason,
Of truth we've no belief;
With rage we're overflowing,
Not why, nor wherefore, knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.

II.

But when the fit is over,
And kindness from the lover
Does ev'ry doubt destroy;
Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each object appears charming,
And the heart goes throb with joy.

BEAUTY.

BY J. FOWLER.

I.

WHAT avail the transient graces
That adorn the fairest faces,

When those charms must all decay,
And e'er long the tribute pay
To all-conquering years.
Far wiser they, who are inclin'd,
To hoard up beauty in the mind;
Beauty that will ne'er decay,
Which age can never wear away,
But ever new appears.

II.

What is Beauty but a flow'r,
Blows and fades within an hour?
Now it pleases, now it stings,
Now escapes with eagle wings,
From the fond possessor flies.
These are charms, which ev'ry lover
In his mistress can discover,
Form'd by his imagination,
Just as suits his inclination,
And his fancied joy supplies.

TRUE BEAUTY.

From "THE MUSICAL MENTOR."

BY MR. DIBDIN.

I.

FOR the loss of their Beauty, all women, 'tis said,
In agony shed their last tear;
'To part with their lives, tho' in age, less afraid,
Than those charms to their bosoms more dear;

But did they of Beauty the true merit weigh,
They'd indulge not an error so blind,
For those charms in us all that can never decay,
Should an index display of the mind.

II.

A sweet lovely face is the image of heav'n,
But its ev'ry perfection must hold;
From a sweet lovely mind so indulgently giv'n,
That's ne'er lost, and that never grows old.
Without that, Beauty's charm, void of finish and grace,
E'en in youth, old and ugly we find;
But sweet are those beauties indeed in the face,
That emanate warm from the mind.

THE EARLY MORNING.

BY BURNS.

I.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
So gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy Morning.

II.

Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
In all its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the Early Morning.

III.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
So early in the Morning.

IV.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the Early Morning.

V.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That claims thy Early Morning.

VI.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy Early Morning.

THE DAY RETURNS.

BY BURNS.

Tune, Seventh of November.

I.

THE Day Returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we two did meet,
Tho' Winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er Summer sun was half so sweet.
Than all the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.

II.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give!
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
Will break my bliss—and try my heart.

HOPE.

From " WHAT A BLUNDER."

BY J. G. HOLMAN.

I.

THE Hope which animates my heart,
And makes me ev'ry fear dismiss—
Deceitful joy can ne'er impart;
No, 'tis the harbinger of bliss.

II.

So, when at eve, in tints of gold
The radiant clouds adorn the skies,
They thus prepare us to behold
The morrow's sun in splendour rise.

III.

Yes, I'll indulge the dear belief,
That happy morrows are in store,—
And trust that voice, which tells me grief
Shall never haunt my bosom more.

The hope which animates, &c.

THE ROSE AND THORNS.

From the Comedy of "HEAR BOTH SIDES."

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

I.

OF the Rose, fair and young,
Poets often have sung;
And the thorn near its bosom emboss'd:
But notic'd have none
That the Rose is but one,
And the Thorns are a merciless host.

II.

Having liv'd out its day,
The mild Rose dies away;
Averse and unequal to strife:
But the thorns still are there,
The rude emblems of care,
To wound thro' the Winter of life.

III.

[Thus the gay prime of youth,
Unless ripen'd by truth,
In age is a stalk set with thorn;
But Heav'n's dews and sun
Leave a seed when life's done,
Which shall rise and long ages adorn.

J. P.]

A CONTENTED MIND.

BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

I.

I WEIGH not Fortune's frown or smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I seek not style,
I am not fond of Fancy's toys;
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

II.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.

III.

I see ambition never pleas'd,
I see some Tantals starv'd in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eas'd,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound:
Enough's a feast; content is crown'd.

IV.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low;
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A Mind Content, a conscience clear.

---

*CONTENT**.

I.

ATTEND all ye maids and ye swains of the green,
For you I have rov'd the plains round;
While months I've been prying, and now I have seen,
Where smiling Content's to be found.
Come quickly with me, and I'll shew you the way
To the spot where he chose his retreat;
You must fly from all vice to be easy and gay,
And near him must take up your seat.

* This is evidently an imitation of a Poem on the same subject, by Cunningham: see Vol. II. p. 220, and exceeds, at least in the Editor's estimation, the original.

II.

I sought him 'mongst crouds, and in each gaudy place,
But those were the mansions of Care;
In the palace of greatness unknown was his face,—
Contentment had never been there.
I hied me to roofs that invited to joys,
Hope tempted me thither to rove;
But rude was their wit, and their pleasure was noise,
Tho' they beckon'd to peace and to love.

III.

And at last near a brook, to a cottage I stray'd,
With a few simple sheep on the green;
The rose and the woodbine their sweetness display'd,
Not Plenty, but Health blest the scene:
Good-Nature appear'd and unlatch'd me the door,
Nor knew what my coming there meant;
How great my surprize! here my search was all o'er,
He told me his name was CONTENT.

CONTENTMENT.

BY CHARLES COTTON.

I.

O SENSELESS man! that murmur'st still
For happiness, and dost not know,
E'en though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning fortune plac'd
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

II.

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare;
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils;
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf
Does only death and danger breed;
While one rich worldling starves himself,
With what would thousand others feed.

III.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trickt up in favours of the fair;
Mirrors with ev'ry breath made dim,
Birds caught in ev'ry wanton snare.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things,
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

IV.

We call that sickness which is health,
That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonour which is praise,

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye;
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis thro' our own infirmity.

V.

Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly appetite.

VI.

It is Contentment that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart,
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

VII.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed;
Who's necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

Who from the busy world retires
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

VIII.

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And, who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

But he has Fortune's worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss,
Can covet nought but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

CONTENTMENT.

From "THE GYPSIES."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

CONTENTMENT lost, each other treasure,
To ease the mind, essays in vain,
Riches and pomp take place of pleasure,
And misery leads the splendid train.

II.

Fortune possessing, not enjoying,
Feasting the senses, not the mind,
In vague pursuits our time employing,
We grasp at all, and nothing find.

CONTENTED IN THE VALE.

Set to Music by HAYDN.

I.

WHILE Envy and Ambition fire
The wealthy and the proud,
I to my humble cot retire
To shun the selfish croud.
Secure I envy not a king,
While, o'er my nut-brown ale,
I merrily and jocund sing
Contented in the Vale.

II.

Let senators and statesmen great
Together disagree,
While I remain in humble state
Both unconcern'd and free.
No duns to interrupt my joy
Nor troubles to assail,
I'd live retir'd from care and noise,
Contented in the Vale.

III.

The stately oak that proudly held
Dominion o'er the plains,
Is by the furious tempest fell'd,
The humble reed remains.
Then may I envy not the hill,
Nor at my fortune rail,
But unrestrain'd continue still
Contented in the Vale.

THE MANSION OF REST.

I.

I TALK'D to my fluttering heart,
And I chid its wild wandering ways;
I charg'd it from folly to part,
And to husband the best of its days.
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that Fancy had drest;
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

II.

A charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
" O come then," she cried with a smile,
" And I'll shew you the place and the way:"

I follow'd the fair to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest;
" Never more," I exclaim'd, " will I roam
In search of the Mansion of Rest."

III.

But the sweetest of moments will fly;
Not long was my fancy beguil'd,
For too soon I confess'd with a sigh,
That the syren deceiv'd while she smil'd.
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and innocent breast,
And the door of each avenue close,
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

IV.

Pleasure's path I determin'd to try,
But Prudence I met in the way—
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day:
She cry'd—as she shew'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers drest,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave,
" Behold there the Mansion of Rest."

V.

She spoke—and half-vanish'd in air,
For she saw mild Religion appear,
With a smile that would banish despair,
And dry up the penitent tear:

Doubts and fears from my bosom were driv'n,
As, pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to Heav'n,
She shew'd the true Mansion of Rest.

HAPPINESS.

BY COWPER.

Tune, My fond Shepherds of late.

I.

NO longer I follow a sound;
No longer a dream I pursue:
O Happiness, not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu!

II.

I have sought thee in splendour and dress;
In the regions of pleasure and taste:
I have sought thee and seem'd to possess,
But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

III.

An humble ambition and hope
The voice of true wisdom inspires;
'Tis sufficient, if Peace be the scope,
And the summit of all our desires.

IV.

Peace may be the lot of the mind,
That seeks it in meekness and love:
But rapture and bliss are confin'd
To the glorified spirits above.

PEACE.

BY COWPER.

Tune, The Lass of Pattie's Mill.

I.

WHEN all within is Peace,
How Nature seems to smile,
Delights that never cease,
The livelong day beguile.
From morn to dewy eve,
With open hand, she showers
Fresh blessings, to deceive,
And soothe the silent hours.

II.

It is content of heart,
Gives Nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;

Can make a Wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

III.

The vast majestic globe,
So beauteously array'd
In Nature's various robe,
With wond'rous skill display'd,
Is, to a mourner's heart,
A dreary wild at best:
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.

PLEASURE.

BY CHARL. ELIZ. SANDERS.

I.

SAY, what's the object of our hope?
The shade that leads our thoughts astray—
'Tis Pleasure swells the wishes' scope,
Our reason surely to betray.

II.

Thro' dissipation, fashion, wealth,
Th' attractive phantom we pursue;
Despising Nature's boon of health,
Th' inviting circuit to renew.

III.

Let's farther seek, nor trust the face,
Whose features mask'd with hidden art;
Where sweet deception gives the grace,
That strikes the all-unconscious heart.

IV.

In Virtue's paths alone we'll stray,
Where Innocence shall yield delight!
Thus pleasures pure our minds display,
While *bliss* consists in *what is right*.

PLEASURE.

BY MRS. SLEATH.

I.

SHUN, O youth, the Syren Pleasure,
Falsely does she sing of joy,
Beauty's charm and Love's sweet treasure,
Strains that sooth but to decoy.

Tho' fair visions she discloses,
And thy brow with flow'rs would wreath,
Tho' she strew thy path with roses,
Thorns and adders lurk beneath.

II.

Turn then, and let Wisdom guide thee,
Calm her heavenly precepts hear;
Then no sorrow shall betide thee,
Safely thou thy course shalt steer.

Safely thro' the world's wide ocean,
To the port of promis'd joy,
Freed from Passion's wild commotion,
Where no tempests can annoy.

HOPE.

From "LOVE IN A VILLAGE."

I.

HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
Friendly promiser of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

II.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find!

III.

Kind deceiver, flatt'rer still;
Dealing pleasures unpossest;
With thy dream my fancy fill,
And in wishes I am blest.

WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

From "ARTAXERXES."

I.

WATER, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile vallies glide:

II.

Though, in search of lost repose,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
'Till it reach its native home.

III.

[So, my Mary, when from thee,
Chance compel me forth to roam,
Nought hath equal charm for me,
'Till again I find my home.

IV.

So the pilgrim on this earth,
Fills the lot that's to him giv'n;
But he seeks that purer birth,
And presses to his home in heav'n.

J. P.]

GRATITUDE AND LOVE:

From the Opera of "THE TRAVELLERS."

BY MR. CHERRY.

I.

DEEP in the fountains of this beating heart,
Free as the vital streams from thence that flow;
Dear as my life, with which I'd sooner part,
Than forget to thee the Gratitude I owe:

Unvarying with the varied change,
Thro' coast or climate as we range;
No, no, no, no, dear mother, no,
I'll ne'er forget the love, the Gratitude I owe.

II.

Blithe as the rays that cheer yon blushing morn,
Puls'd in this heart, dear sister, dost thou move;
Blest with each charm that can thy sex adorn,
But, sister, ah, dear sister, beware of love.

Unvarying with the varied change,
Thro' coast or climate as we range,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, dear sister, yes,
Beware, beware of Love.

A TRUST.

Tune, Ere around the huge Oak.

I.

IF you knew the calm joys that arise in the breast
Of the man who is honest and just,
Curiosity, sure, would not make you request
He should think of betraying his trust.

II.

As for me, e'en the food which my life still sustains,
And the comforts which bless my old age,
I derive from a breast where sweet confidence reigns,
And by deeds that I'll farther engage.

(J. P. 1789.)

BEAUTY.

From the Opera of "POLLY"

BY GAY.

Tune, The Bush aboon Traquair.

THE crow or daw thro' all the year
No fowler seeks to ruin;
But birds of voice or feather rare
He's all day long pursuing.

Beware, fair maids, to 'scape the net
That other Beauties fell in;
For, sure, at heart, was never yet
So great a wretch as *Helen*.

AMBITION.

FROM THE SAME.

FRAIL is Ambition, how weak the foundation!
Riches have wings as inconstant as wind;
My heart is proof against either temptation,
Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

BY J. FORDYCE, D. D.

I.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
And more attract our love and praise
Than beauty's self, if lost to fame.

II.

But the sweet tear in Pity's eye
Transcends the diamond's brightest beams;
And the soft blush of modesty
More precious than the ruby seems.

III.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
May strike the sight with quick surprize;
But truth and innocence alone
Can still engage the good and wise.

IV.

No glitt'ring ornament, or show,
Will aught avail in grief or pain
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight that ever shall remain.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

From "THE MUSICAL MENTOR."

BY MR. DIBDIN.

I.

YOU ask me what pleasure possesses my mind?
Why my heart with such transport is beating?
Your bosom, like mine, form'd to praise all that's kind,
Will thrill as the cause I'm repeating.

My dear little brother, like all other boys,
Mistaking the right road to pleasure,
Robb'd the trees of their nests, and the birds of their joys,
And fancied he'd got a fine treasure.

II.

I urg'd him to pity the poor little things,
Bid him hear how the old ones were crying;
And told him, before they could flutter their wings,
The innocent birds would be dying.

He was sulky at first, but a blush on his face
Rous'd all the fond love of a brother;
He kiss'd me with joy, put the nest in its place,
And declar'd he would ne'er take another.

THE INTENTION.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

I.

TO a slight common wound, it is some diminution,
Diverting it, throbbing, to smile at the smart;
But where's the firm mind can boast such resolution,
On the face to wear smiles when the wound's in the heart?

The wand'rings and errors of Folly are treason,
And should be condemn'd as disloyal to love:
But rev'rence is due to the errors of Reason,
Which, tho' they're a weakness, we cannot approve.

II.

Then pray cease to jest; were my griefs superficial,
Unconcern'd, like yourself, Sir, I merry might be,
But such cruel jests can but prove prejudicial,
And tho' pastime to you, may be mortal to me:

Yet, let me not wrong you by any rude mention,
Or word, that the fairness of candour might blot,
But, gratefully just, may alone the *Intention*
In my memory be cherish'd, the action forgot.

SORROW.

From the Ballad of "THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY."

BY DR. PERCY.

I.

O WEEP not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

II.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets pluckt, the sweetest show'rs
Will never make grow again.

III.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly?
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

WISDOM.

From "THE CHRISTMAS TALE."
BY GARRICK.

I.

YOUNG man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wisdom get where'er you can;
See, see,
The humble bee
Draws wealth from the meanest of flowers,
Then hies away
With his precious prey,
No passion his prudence sours.

II.

Young man, &c.
Wild youth,
Passion and truth
So opposite never agree;
Be prudent, sage,
Draw wit from old age,
And be wise as the humble bee.
Young man, &c.

THE SLAVE.

From BOETHIUS *De Consolatione Philosophiæ.*

BY DR. JOHNSON.

I.

THE man who pants for ample sway,
Must bid his passions all obey;
Must bid each wild desire be still,
Nor yoke his reason with his will.

II.

For though beneath thy haughty brow
Warm India's supple sons should bow,
Tho' Northern climes confess thy sway,
Which erst in frost and freedom lay,

III.

If Pleasure hold thee in her chain,
Or Pomp demand distinctions vain,
If Sorrow pine, or Avarice crave,
Bow down and own thyself a Slave.

FREEDOM.

A GLEE.

Translated from MARTIAL.

BY COWLEY.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say,
Come on, I'll shew thee, friend, the certain way.
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy cloaths dost prize,
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The mightiest king's a slave, compar'd with thee.

BENEVOLENCE.

BY DR. BLACKLOCK.

I.

HAIL! source of transport ever new;
While I thy impulse strong pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

II.

Approv'd of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which still thy hand sustains:
By thee, sweet Peace, her empire spread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurell'd head,
And Discord gnash'd in chains.

III.

By thee inflam'd the generous breast,
In blessing others only blest*,
With goodness large and free;
Delights the widows' tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

IV.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Thro' ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish controul;
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

V.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow;

* It is more blessed to give than to receive. ACTS xx. 35.

Banish'd from God, from bliss and thee,
My own tormenter may I be,
And groan in hopeless woe.

INNOCENCE.

From "THE MUSICAL MENTOR."

BY MR. DIBDIN.

I.

A DROP of milk in balance stood
Upon a vase's edge,
In pause to find its native flood,
Or seek the treacherous ledge;

'Till to the side approach'd too near,
The treacherous ledge it found,
And, gliding, like a trickling tear,
It wander'd on the ground.

II.

So milk-like Innocence, that errs
On wavering Folly's brink,
While Reason's dictates it prefers,
Can ne'er to misery sink.

But, if approach'd the ledge too near,
Is into ruin hurl'd;
And, as it starts the trembling tear,
It mingles with the world.

INNOCENCE.

BY J. OGILVIE, D.D.

I.

'TWAS when the slow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold.

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd,
Sat wrapt in thought a wandering swain;
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

II.

"Hail, Innocence! celestial maid!
What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
Sweet as the arbour's cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale."

"On thee attends a radiant quire,
Soft smiling Peace, and downy Rest,
With Love that prompts the warbling lyre,
And Hope that soothes the throbbing breast."

III.

"O sent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
Where squint-eyed Envy ne'er can come;
Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
Nor anguish chills the living bloom."

" But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,
Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd;
Serene as Heav'n's unsullied light,
And pure as Mary's gentle mind."

IV.

" O that, henceforth, thy peaceful sway
May still my ruder thoughts controul;
Thy hand to point my dubious way,
Thy voice to soothe the melting soul!"

" Far in the shady sweet retreat,
May thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
May quiet court the mossy seat,
And twining olives form the bower."

V.

" May dove-ey'd Peace her wreath bestow,
And oft sit listening in the dale,
While Night's sweet warbler from the bough
Tells to the grove her plaintive tale."

" Soft, as in Mary's snowy breast,
May each consenting passion move,
May angels watch its silent rest,
And all its blissful dreams be love."

AN INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. E. CARTER.

I.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles,
O'er Nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

II.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice
Attends each mental pow'r:
Come, dear Emilia and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come; while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

III.

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals?
And thro' the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrow steals.

IV.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds;
Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit
Of visionary minds!

V.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of pow'r supremely wise,
Who fancy Happiness in aught
The hand of Heav'n denies!

VI.

Vain are alike the joys we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is Happiness confin'd;
And deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

THE WISH.

BY MERRICK.

I.

HOW short is life's uncertain space!
Alas! how quickly done!
How swift the wild precarious chace!
And yet how difficult the race,
How very hard to run!

II.

Youth stops, at first, its wilful ears
To Wisdom's prudent voice;
'Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,
Repents its earlier choice.

III.

What tho' its prospects now appear
So pleasing and refin'd;
Yet groundless hope and anxious fear,
By turns the busy moments share,
And prey upon the mind.

IV.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliss;
O Thou! who rulest o'er my fate,
The only wish that I create,
Is all compris'd in this:

V.

May I thro' life's uncertain tide,
Be still from pain exempt;
May all my wants be still supplied,
My state too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

VI.

But should your Providence divine
A greater bliss intend;
May all those blessings you design,
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
Be center'd in a friend.

RESIGNATION.

BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

I.

O GOD! whose thunder shakes the sky:
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

II.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

III.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still—
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

IV.

But yet, with fortitude, resign'd,
I'll thank th' Inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirits steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my sun reveals.

RESIGNATION.

From "THE MUSICAL MENTOR."
BY MR. DIBDIN.

I.

OUR lives are like the trees and flowers;
We blossom in the Spring;
Our joys and griefs are suns and showers,
That fruits of Autumn bring.

Mild Autumn with its placid sky,
Completion shall attain,
And Winter teach us how to die,
In hope to rise again.

II.

From this a lesson learn: in youth
Each hour be your employ,
Tho' sorrows come, to cherish truth,
Your Summer to enjoy.

So shall life's Autumn, your decline,
Cheerful submission bring;
'Till Winter bids you life resign
To taste eternal Spring.

THE LOTTERY.

I.

A LOTTERY, like a magic spell,
All ranks of men bewitches,
Whose beating bosoms vainly swell
With hopes of sudden riches.

With hopes to gain ten thousand pound,
How many post to ruin,
And for an empty, airy sound,
Contrive their own undoing!

II.

Those on whom wealth her stores has shed,
May freely bear their crosses;
But they who earn their daily bread,
Oft sink beneath their losses.

'Tis strange so many fools we find
By tickets thus deluded,
And by a trifling turn of mind,
From life's best bliss excluded.

III.

For Life's best blessing, calm Content,
Attends no more his slumbers,
Who dreams of profit cent. per cent.
And sets his heart on numbers.

Thro' all Life's various stages, care
Our peace will oft disquiet,
Life, a free gift it comes, we ne'er
Need be in haste to buy it.

IV.

He, who, intent on shadowy schemes,
By them is deeply bubbled,
Deserves to wake from golden dreams
With disappointment doubled.

Unmov'd by Fortune's fickle wheel,
The wise man chance despises,
And Prudence courts with fervent zeal—
She gives the highest prizes.

THE ELECTION.

BY HENRY CAREY.

I.

HOW vile the wretch that's bought and sold,
And barters liberty for gold;
For, when Election is not free,
In vain we boast of liberty;
And he, who sells his single right,
Would sell his country if he might.

II.

When liberty is put to sale,
For wine, for money, or for ale,
The sellers must be abject slaves,
The buyers, base designing knaves:
And 't has a proverb been of old,
That he who's bought again is sold.

III.

This maxim, in the statesman's school,
Is often taught, "divide and rule;"
All parties are to him a joke,
While zealots foam, he fits the yoke;
When men their reason once resume,
It is the statesman's turn to fume.

IV.

Learn, learn, ye Britons, to unite,
Leave off the old exploded bite;
Henceforth let party wranglings cease,
And turn your warfare into peace,
So shall we see a glorious thing,
And sing; *God save Great George our King.*

THE FREEHOLDER.

Tune, Kauld Kale in Aberdeen.

I.

TO Freeholders, in Britain's isle,
A sacred trust's deputed,—
Oh! ne'er may freeholder defile
A trust so well reputed!
'Tis their's to choose for Parliament
Some men of higher station,
In honesty to represent
The Commons of the nation.

II.

By them our laws are partly made,
By them are taxes granted,
'Tis theirs to give effect to trade,
Nor be by foes supplanted:
To see that equal rights protect
The noble and the peasant,
That peace and plenty be th' effect
O'er this our land so pleasant.

III.

Oh! then with caution will we see
To whom this trust's confided,
To men of sound integrity,
And in their ways decided:

To men whose hearts are far above
The dirty venal tribe, Sir.
And would not sell their freemens' love,
However high the bribe, Sir.

IV.

And while we talk of honesty,
And freemen's sacred duty,
Let them the sordid bribe defy,
Nor sell themselves for booty:
For can they wonder, if the man,
Who buys himself in place, Sir,
Should only buy to sell again,
To their and his disgrace, Sir?

V.

Then give me him that's gold above,
Or member or freeholder,
Who acts but for his country's good,
Nor will enslav'd behold her;
Who, so far from expecting pelf,
Or craving sordid treasure,
But holds his fortune and himself
To serve his country's pleasure. J. P.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

I.

SEE, pois'd on a pivot, yon Weathercock stand,
From what quarter soever it blows,
Ever ready to turn at the word of command,
And still "*will-he nill-he* he goes*."

II.

Thus see the Dependant, on Patron intent,
He watches the nod of his brow,
If it blow from the North, to the North he is sent,
If it blow from the South he will go.

III.

To declare hot or cold he is prompt to obey,
All's one, he is never perplext,
And he who is standing due Southward to-day,
Perhaps is due North on the next.

THE WEATHERCOCK'S REPLY.

I.

ALAS; my good Poet, one moment reflect,
Nor on me bend thy wit and thy rhyme,
Shew my and thy-self but a little respect,
And you'll see I'm no server of time.

* Hamlet, Act. V. Scene I.

II.

Here plac'd for a purpose, that purpose I serve,
It is still on my master I wait,
And from his known commands ne'er a moment I swerve,
With a freedom both prompt and elate.

III.

Nor alone in the mild-breathing season of Spring,
Or Autumn's serener a sky,
'Midst the fervours of Summer I'm still on the wing,
And in Winter's fierce blowing I fly.

IV.

Nor think thus my service by wit to controul,
By reflections severe and unkind,
Not the needle itself is more true to the pole,
Than I to my master, the wind.

V.

No outrage to conscience in this e'er is done,
Nor to serve him I e'er tell a lie,
He is still for the best, and our minds are as one,
And to please him to the last will I try.

VI.

And if, peradventure, when Winter shall frown,
I then to the Southward remain,
In pity a profitless servant take down,
And for service re-mould him again. J. P.

MASONRY.

From "HARLEQUIN FREEMASON."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

IN all your dealings take good care,
Instructed by the friendly *square*,
To be true, upright, just, and fair,
And thou a fellow-craft shalt be:
The *level* so must poise thy mind,
That satisfaction thou shalt find,
When to another Fortune's kind:
And that's the drift of Masonry.

II.

The *compass* t'other two compounds,
And says, tho' anger'd on just grounds,
Keep all your passions within bounds,
And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.
Thus symbols of our order are
The *compass*, *level*, and the *square*;
Which teach us to be just and fair:
And that's the drift of Masonry.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

From the Opera of " THE ISLANDERS."

BY DIBDIN.

I.

THIS Life's a day's Journey, we rise in the morn,
The sun, trees, and flowers our prospect adorn,
When, perhaps we have scarcely been set out an hour,
But slap, we're o'ertaken and sous'd in a shower:
To shelter then quickly, and see now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good spirits we set out once more,
Now uphill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with dust, and now popp'd in a slough.

II.

Thus we jog on 'till dinner, now wet and now dry,
And now we've a low'ring and now a clear sky,
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine, and the cheer,
Now refresh'd we set forward to end our career:
But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bemir'd,
And jolted, and jostled, and tumbled, and tir'd,
Yet we keep a good heart, and our spirits are light,
In hopes we shall meet with a good inn at night.

THE BELLE AND THE BEAU.

From "THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE."

BY ARTHUR MURPHY.

I.

TO dance, and to dress, and to flaunt it about,
To run to park, play, to assembly and rout;
To wander forever in Whim's giddy maze,
And one poor hair torture a million of ways;
To put at the glass ev'ry feature to school,
And practise their art on each fop and each fool;
Of one thing to think and another to tell,
These, these are the manners of each giddy Belle.

II.

To smile and to simper, white teeth to display;
The time in gay follies to trifle away;
Against ev'ry virtue the bosom to steel,
And only of dress the anxieties feel;
At the ear of the fair be th' insidious decoy,
The pleasure ne'er taste, but the mischief enjoy;
To boast of soft raptures they never can know,
These, these are the manners of each giddy Beau.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

BY THE REV. R. GRAVES.

I.

WHEN I the busy fruitless cares,
The pride, the folly, hopes, and fears
Of mortal men survey;
Like that old Greek*, I sometimes think
True wisdom is to eat and drink,
And *laugh* the live-long day,

II.

But when I seriously reflect
How *much* depends on our neglect
Or careful use of time;
Taught of my folly to repent, I
Could almost think, when turn'd of twenty,
To laugh *at all's* a crime.

* Democritus.

THE WISE BUILDER.

BY WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

I.

WISE Socrates had built a farm,
Little, convenient, snug and warm,
Secur'd from rain and wind;
A gallant whisper'd in his ear,
"Shall the great Socrates live here
To this mean cell confin'd."

II.

"The furniture's my chiefest care,"
Replied the sage, "here's room to spare,
Sweet Sir, for I and you;
When this with ample friends is fill'd,
An ampler palace I shall build;—
'Till then, this *Cot* must do."

SIGHT.

From "ARTHUR AND EMMELINE."

BY GARRICK.

OH Sight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
'Tis when tedious night expires,
To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain tops and paint the field.

Blest with *Content*, the raptur'd Sight
Beholds the Summer's day more bright,
And when she goes away, 'tis night.
'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view,
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew:
But such cheap delights to see,
Heav'n and Nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes as well as we.

[Complete his joys, by vice unvex'd,
Who looks on high,
From earth to sky,
Sees in this life the next. J. P.]

THE BLIND MAN.

From "THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN."

I.

THO' darkness still attends me,
It aids internal sight;
And from such scenes defends me,
As blush to see the light.

No villain's smile deceives me,
No gilded fop offends,
No weeping object grieves me,
Kind darkness me befriends.

II.

Henceforth no useless wailings,
I find no reason why;
Mankind to their own failings
Are all as blind as I.

Who painted vice desires,
Is blind, whate'er he thinks;
Who virtue not admires,
Is either blind or winks.

THE USE OF THE TONGUE.

From the Pantomime of "FRIAR BACON."

BY MR. O'KEEFE.

I.

LEND an ear to my lay, and a song I'll produce,
Of the Tongue and its movements to tell you the use:
The Tongue often leads in the journey of life,
Thro' flowers and brambles, sweet peace or rude strife.
Your questions be few, and with caution reply,
Yet scorn to dishonour your tongue with a lye;
Take care how your Tongue proves the key to your mind,
Lest Folly prevent what sage Prudence design'd.

II.

Be candid and open when sure of a friend,
When absent his character boldly defend;
Advise in an error, reprove in a fault,
For dear is that friendship with flattery bought.
Your tongue when inclining to censure or blame,
Ask first of your heart, might not you do the same.
Who thinks you speak truth you should never deceive,
Nor wrong the fond maid who your vows may believe.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MY PORTER.

By the late MR. BEDINGFIELD, *of Newcastle.*

I.

YOU, to whose care I've now consign'd
My house's entrance, caution use
While you discharge your trust, and mind
Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce passions enter here,
Passions the raging breast that storm,
Nor scornful *Pride*, nor servile *Fear*,
Nor *Hate*, nor *Envy*'s pallid form.

II.

Should *Av'rice* call—you'll let her know
Of heap'd-up riches I've no store,
And that she has no right to go
Where Fortune has not been before.

Lo ! on a visit hither bent,
High-plum'd *Ambition* stalks about ;
But should he enter, sweet *Content*
Will give me warning—shut him out.

III.

If *Poetry* should pass this way,
Whom oft I've bid to hither hie,
And courted her enchanting lay,
Smit with the love of harmony;

Alone tho' she might please—yet still
I know she'll with *Ambition* come ;
With lust of fame my heart she'll fill,
She'll break my rest—I'm not at home.

IV.

There is fellow old and hideous,
Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)
Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,
In hopes he might admittance gain ;

His name is *Care*—if he should call,
Quick out of doors with vigour throw him :
And tell the fellow once for all
I know him not, nor wish to know him.

V.

If *Jollity*, then, foe to *Care*,
Should think perchance my mind to win;
His promises of joy are fair,
But false—you must not let him in.

Well welcome that sweet maid, on whom
The young desires attendant move,
Still flush'd with Beauty's vernal bloom,
Parent of bliss, the handmaid *Love*.

VI.

O! you will know her, she has stole
The lustre of my Mary's eye:
Admit her, hail her—for my soul
Breathes double life when she is nigh.

And if fair *Wisdom* at my gate
Should knock with all her lovely train,
Delay not at her call to wait,
Entreat her ever to remain*.

* See an excellent Sermon of Bishop Horne's, Vol. IV. Sermon 11. *On the Government of the Thoughts*, written upon this idea.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

I.

THOU must, now ev'ry pleasure's past,
My sole amusement be;
Come, let me turn to serious thoughts,
And moralize on thee.
What tho' not like the gay spinnet,
Thou charm'st the listening ear,
Yet thy intrinsic worth when view'd,
Far greater will appear.

II.

Tho' from the silk-worm's labour wrought
More splendid robes we see,
Yet ev'ry useful ornament
May be obtain'd from thee.
Those costly garments only clothe
The rich and great alone;
Thy more diffusive labours deck
The cottage and the throne.

III.

Nor only deck, thousands from thee
Their whole subsistence gain;
Whole nations bless the useful art,
Nor seek thy help in vain.

In ancient days, as authors tell,
Not royal hands deny'd,
To draw the slender clew, and oft
Were at the loom employ'd.

IV.

To still more serious thoughts may turn
The contemplative mind,
And in the wheel of life, and thou
No small resemblance find.
For while with rapid whirl we turn,
That scarce a spoke's in view,
As swiftly roll our years their speed,
As unperceived too.

V.

As oft by accident unthought
We snap our strongest thread,
As sudden breaks the thread of life,
And shrouds us with the dead:
And as eternity's vast round
Is shadow'd out by thine,
Well to secure eternal bliss
It should our hearts incline.

VI.

Would some, too affluent to want
Or their own work to wear,
Each trifling folly laid aside,
These easy labours share;

Reflecting thus for others' wants,
Vouchsafe to turn thee round,
By what transcendant blessings would
The generous work be crown'd.

A NEGRO SONG.*

From " PARK'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA."

BY GEORGIANA, LATE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

I.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast:

* On the banks of the Niger, Mr. Park found himself in want of every thing, without food to eat, or a hospitable roof to cover him from the rain. A negro woman, returning from her labours in the field, saw him weary and dejected under a tree, in the top of which he intended to pass the night, for fear of the wild beasts. She conducted him to her hut, supplied him with provisions, and spread a mat for him to repose on. Then calling the female part of her family, they sat down spinning cotton, in which they employed themselves the greatest part of the night, and lightened their labours with an extempore song. " The air," says Mr. P. " was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: ' The winds roared, and the rains fell; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat down under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.—Chorus. Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c."

See also Vol. I. p. 285 of this Collection of Songs.

He sat him down beneath the tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
And, ah! no wife, or mother's care,
For him, the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share;
Alas! no wife or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

II.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast.
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The Negro's wish, the Negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.*

I.

OVER the mountain and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot, I wander forlorn;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the days that will never return.

Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity!
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on:
Give me some food for my mother in charity;
Give me some food and then I will be gone.

* At the Anniversary Dinner of the Governors of the Sea-bathing Infirmary at Margate (August the 31st, 1807) this song was sung, in a very impressive manner, by an officer. A gentleman, who sat next to me, (a country gentleman and a stranger) observed, how well suited it was to the occasion of the meeting. Whence I infer, that songs of a pathetic nature, and of an instructive tendency, are neither repugnant to the taste and feelings of even the military character, nor to the tempered conviviality of a festive entertainment.

The Editor does not, by any means, wish to inculcate almsgiving to beggars as a general principle. On the contrary, he thinks that the *general rule* should be *not* to give; but he, who makes *no exceptions* to this rule, as society is now circumstanced, will fail to relieve many real objects of charity.

II.

Call me not *lazy-back beggar*, and *bold-enough*
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

III.

O think, while you revel, so careless and free,
Secure from the wind, and well-clothed and fed;
Should fortune so change it, how hard would it be,
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.
Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

THE SEA SIDE.

BY MR. PRATT.

I.

ON the brink of the beach, as I silently roam'd,
My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-soften'd sand;
Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
And threw the salt fleeces of surf on the strand.

II.

Fast flow'd in the tide, yet regardless I stood,
And felt the white billows advance to my feet;
The sand-marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,
And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.

III.

In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,
Not the wreck of a word, and I said to the sea,
"Ah, if thus you the story of woe can efface,
Your bounty might sure be extended to me."

IV.

"If e'er I remain on the billow-beat shore
No friend near at hand, in false pity to save,
My woes, like their story, would quickly be o'er,
And both owe to thee, foaming Ocean, a grave."

V.

The billows roll'd on, when something within,
More strong than the ocean, thus seem'd to reply,
"Man no murder shall do, e'en in sorrow 'tis sin;"
I felt the command, and obey'd with a sigh.

THE DEBTOR.

BY SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE.

I.

CHILDREN of Affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear;
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

II.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
The hand of Pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And ev'ry blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But, ah! how quick the change! the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her brilliant ray,
Fled like the garish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

III.

Such is the lot of human bliss below!
Fond hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears;
'Till unforeseen, descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted; (who from fault is ever free?)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

IV.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my state commend?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found, the wretched have no friend!

E'en he, amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

V.

Pity, in vain, stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred knot by wedlock wove;
While pale-ey'd Avarice, from his sordid stand
Scoul'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Tho' deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art;
And faintly strove, with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

VI.

Nor blam'd his cruelty, nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd, but pitied, and forgave!
Then, unrepining, yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my gray hairs with sorrow to the tomb.

THE FALLEN STATESMAN.

(Imitated from Collins's "Roman Veteran *.")

Taken from Shakespeare's "HENRY VIII, ACT III. SCENE 2.

Tune, Date Obolum Belisario.

I.

MY glories, alas! I must now bid you farewell:
What a task 'tis to learn, my affliction to bear well!
O Cromwell, take warning from this my sad fate here,
And learn how sharp mis'ry mankind doth await here.
Oh! oh! Poverty, oh! oh! Misery,
Must e'en Wolsey thus bow to thee?

II.

To-day, like a tree, with its leaves just appearing;
The blossoms to-morrow are seen in full bearing;-

* See Vol. I. p. 207 of this Collection.

And when, the third day, he expects to bear fruit, Sir,
Comes a cold nipping frost, and strikes deep to the root, Sir.
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

III.

Like boys, who with bladders, have swum in the tide, Sir,
For Summers I've ventur'd, but ventur'd too wide, Sir!
And now when, at length, I awake from my dream, Sir,
I'm left to be toss'd to and fro by the stream, Sir.
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

IV.

The pomps and the glories, that long me elated,
All sicken'd and vanish'd, are spurn'd at and hated:
Oh! how wretched the man, who on princes depends, Sir,
For a time he may thrive, but their favour soon ends, Sir.
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

V.

There are, 'twixt the smile which we fain would aspire to,
The sweet aspect of princes that all have desire to,

More pangs and more fears than e'en warfare or women have,
And the soul sinks desponding at last in the grave.
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

VI.

O Cromwell, when I am no more, as soon will be,
Let Wolsey's last words with reflection then fill thee;
O say then, what I, in my last moments taught thee,
By sad proof, what, alas! I too dearly had bought me!
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

VII.

Say Wolsey, who once in full glory had shone forth,
On the high waves of honour had many years gone forth,
Found a way from his wreck, whence his friend might be saved,
His joys to secure, not by folly depraved.
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

VIII.

O Cromwell, then let not ambition allure thee,
That sin, fall'n angels! made Heav'n abjure ye:

Ah, how then can man (since he finds angels sinn'd by it)
His Maker's own image, e'er hope that he'll win by it.
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

IX.

Let thy actions, I charge thee, whate'er be their ending,
To nought but thy country or Maker be tending,
For then, howsoe'er thou art us'd or distressed,
Thou fallest a saint, and will rise to be blessed.
Oh! oh! Poverty, &c.

X.

Oh! had I my God with but half that zeal served,
With half that respect for my King I reserved,
He would not, e'en now, when age will soon close these eyes,
Leave me naked and bare to the scorn of mine enemies.
Oh! oh! Poverty, oh; oh! Misery,
Must e'en Wolsey thus bow to thee!

J. P. 1790.

THE ATHEIST AND ACORN.

I.

" METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
And ev'ry thing amiss."
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instanced in this :

II.

" Behold (quoth he) that mighty thing,
A *pumpkin* large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upward cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground."

III.

" While on this *oak* an *acorn* small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this *all*,
This universal *casual* ball,
Its ill contrivance knows."

IV.

" My better judgment would have hung
The *pumpkin* on the *tree* ;
And left the *acorn* slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the *surface* sprung
And weak and feeble be."

V.

No more the *Caviller* could say,
No farther faults descry,
For upwards gazing as he lay,
An *acorn* loosen'd from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

VI.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for their sin:
Fool! had that bough a *pumpkin* bore,
Thy whimsies must have work'd no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

THE SKULL.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

I.

TRUE! we must all be chang'd by death,
Such is the form the dead must wear,
And so, when Beauty yields its breath,
So shall the fairest face appear.

But let thy soul survey the grace,
That yet adorns its frail abode,
And thro' the wond'rous fabric trace
The hand of an unerring God.

II.

Why does the blood in stated round
Its vital warmth throughout dispense?
Who tun'd the ear to ev'ry sound,
And lent the hand its ready sense?

Whence had the eyes that subtle force,
That languor they by turns display?
Who hung the lips with prompt discourse,
And tun'd the soft melodious lay?

III.

What but thy Maker's image there
In each external part is seen?
But 'tis thy better part to wear
His image pictur'd best within.

Else what avail'd the raptur'd strain,
Did not the mind her aid impart,
The melting eye would speak in vain,
Flow'd not its language from the heart.

IV.

The blood with stated pace had crept
Along the dull and sluggish veins,
The ear insensibly had slept,
The angels sung in choicest strains.

It is that spark of quick'ning fire,
To ev'ry child of nature giv'n,
That either kindles wild desire,
Or lights us on the road to heav'n.

V.

This is the lesson when the muse
Visits the dark and dreary tomb,
Bright-rob'd Religion shall diffuse
Her radiance and dispel the gloom.

And when the necessary day
Shall call thee to thy saving God,
Secure thou'lt choose the better way,
Which Conscience points and saints have trode.

VI.

So shall thy soul at length forsake
The fairest form e'er soul receiv'd,
Of those rich blessings to partake,
Which eye ne'er saw, nor heart conceiv'd.

There, 'midst the full angelic throng,
Praise Him, who those rich blessings gave,
There shall resume the grateful song,
A joyful victor o'er the grave.

THE RAINBOW.

From "APHORISMS FOR YOUTH."

I.

BEHOLD yon bright etherial bow
With evanescent beauties glow;
The spacious arch streams thro' the sky,
Deck'd with each tint of Nature's dye.

II.

Refracted sunbeams thro' the show'r
A humid radiance from it pour;
Whilst colour into colour fades,
With blended lights and softening shades.

III.

But soon those gath'ring clouds shall chase
The beauteous curve,—its form deface,
Absorb each streaming ray of light,
And hide its glories from our sight.

IV.

Thus, bright, amidst this vale of tears,
To youth's fond vision Hope appears;
In Life's horizon clouds arise,
Beneath whose gloom the flatt'rer dies.

V.

Or should we grasp the glitt'ring fair,
We find her form but painted air:
So unsubstantial, when attain'd,
Are human joys—so soon to end.

VI.

All-gracious Mercy plac'd yon sign,
High proof of love and pow'r divine!
All-gracious Mercy hope bestows,
Sweet antidote to human woes!

VII.

A world, by heav'nly promise bless'd,
Was by the cloud-form'd bow express'd;
A brighter world Hope points to view—
There all may find her promise true.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

BY COWPER.

I.

IT was the time when *Ouse* display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, tho' nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

II.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd consid'rate face,
And, puzzling, sat his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

III.

My ramble finish'd, I return'd,
Beau trotting far before
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.
I saw him with that lily cropp'd
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

IV.

Charm'd with the sight—The world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed;
But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at Duty's call,
To shew a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

Tune, Pentland Hills; by William Tytler, Esq.

I.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove—
'Twas then by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began;
Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd;
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

II.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if Pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!
Mourn, sweetest companion; man calls thee to mourn:
O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away!
Full quickly they pass—but they never return!

III.

Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

IV.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save:
But when shall Spring visit the mould'ring urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave.

V.

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

" O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
" Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only can'st free."

VI.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold bed of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

N. B. In several selections of poetry, particularly The ELEGANT EXTRACTS, and Mr. Pratt's and Dr. Mavor's SPEAKER, these two last stanzas are omitted, which makes the Hermit both a murmurer and an infidel, doing injustice to the author, and depriving the reader of the *moral*.

THE SOUL.

BY THE REV. N. BULL.

I.

SAY, why that deep and frequent sigh
Heaves thy soft bosom, gentle fair?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Ah! flows it from the fount of care?
Thou look'st my love, like some fair flower,
Sinking beneath the dewy shower.

II.

Too well I guess thy secret woe;
Thou weep'st to think that one short day
May bid thy beauties cease to glow,
And pilfer ev'ry grace away:
'Tis this that melts thy tearful eyes,
And heaves thy tender breast with sighs.

III.

Yet shall not all thy beauties fade
Beneath rough Time's austere controul;
His keenest frosts shall ne'er invade
The bright recesses of thy soul,
Which purer than the vestal flame,
Forever burns and burns the same.

NATURE.

BY DR. BLACKLOCK.

I.

YOU, who would be truly wise,
To Nature's light unveil your eyes,
Her gentle call obey;
She leads by no false wandering glare,
No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,
To bid you vainly stray.

II.

Not in the gloomy cell recluse,
For noble deeds, or generous views,
She bids us watch the night:
Fair Virtue shines to all display'd,
Nor asks the tardy schoolman's aid,
To teach us what is right.

III.

Pleasure and pain she sets in view,
And which to shun, and which pursue,
Instructs her pupil's heart.
Then, letter'd pride! say what thy gain,
To mask with so much fruitless pain
Thy ignorance with art?

THE WALK.

Lines sent in June 1801 *to invite two Ladies in Leicestershire to take a Walk.*

I.

WHY linger the feet of the fair?
Can home now delightful appear?
Look round, and, say, can we forbear
To visit the flourishing year?

For Nature is smiling and gay:
See the meadows enamel'd with gold;
The leaf now cloaths every spray,
And hawthorns their blossoms unfold.

II.

Hark! the cuckow sings loud in the vale;
The blackbird chaunts sweet on the tree;
The dove coos his amorous tale;
It seems sad, yet his heart's full of glee.

Now wak'd by the bright smiling sun,
And, light, by the soft zephyr borne,
The bee has its labours begun,
And sips the pure dews of the morn.

III.

Thus all things seem busy with joy—
Shall man then inactive remain?
Shall care all his thoughts still employ,
And Nature be view'd with disdain?

Ah, no! says the untainted heart,
That finest emotions can prove,
It is gratitude, duty's best part,
What Nature displays still to love.

IV.

Then let us be grateful, ye fair,
Let us join in the joys of the year;
Let us haste and the ramble prepare,
To visit what taste may hold dear.

Let us mount up yon green-mantled hill,
Surveying the glories around;
Then descend to that clear tinkling rill,
And list'ning enjoy its soft sound:

V.

In a while we will stroll down the vale,
And the varying landscape pursue;
Light and shade, see, alternate prevail,
While *Charnwood** swells sweetly in view.

Now up to the wood we will climb,
And visit its darkling abode;
How awful! how grand! how sublime!
'Tis a temple well worthy of God.

* The hills of Charnwood Forest form a beautiful feature in almost every view in the neighbourhood of Leicester.

VI.

Then our hearts with pure pleasure shall glow,
For with such the gay fields now abound,—
These Luxury never can know,
Nor in cities nor courts are they found.

J. D.

[O come, then, thro' Nature's fair field;
We'll mark where her footsteps have trod,
Attend to each truth she's reveal'd,
"Look from Nature to Nature's great God."

J. P.]

MUSIC.

I.

OH! that dear Virtue, lovely maid,
Were always in sweet Music's train;
How gladly should we seek her aid,
And dwell on the harmonious strain.

II.

But ah! too often vice is found,
By thoughtless Innocence unseen;
To lurk beneath the pleasing sound,
And taint with ill the happy scene.

III.

Yet when Eliza's voice we hear,
That charms with such attractive grace;
What latent evil need we fear,
For beams not virtue in her face? E. G.

THE MORNING.

From " THE MUSICAL MENTOR."

BY MR. DIBDIN.

I.

THE rising sun breaks thro' the bower;
Haste, haste, and adoration pay,
In praise of that celestial Power
That gives the world another day.

II.

Behold the jocund larks on wing,
In their blithe concert bear a part;
Like them your cheerful matin sing,
Innocent and pure of heart.

THE EVENING.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

THE sun has made his daily span;
The moon appears as if new-born;
And, labour over, busy man
Retires to hope the coming morn.

II.

As, gradual, night th' horizon dims,
The nightingales, so sad and sweet,
In sounds melifluent pour their hymns,
That Power by whom we breathe to greet.

NEVER LET THE GOOD DESPAIR.

I.

NEVER let the Good despair,
While the cherub Hope is near;
Trust in Him that gave thee breath,
He will ease the pangs of death,
To the faithful Christian he
Whispers immortality.

II.

Should the haughty man oppress,
Frowning on thee in distress,
Or, because thou'rt meek and poor,
Shut thee from his stately door,
Call on God, be not afraid,
He will ne'er refuse thee aid.

III.

Or should death in ambush lie,
When thy hour is come to die,
Heed him not, but trust thy soul
With the Lord, who shall controul
Death's cold hand; for time will shew
Death shall die as well as thou.

IV.

When thy soul shall be convey'd
Where the heav'nly choir array'd
Near their high Immortal King,
Hallelujahs there to sing,
Faithful Christians kneeling by,
Blest to all eternity.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMPLAINT.

Translated from RACINE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD PEARSON.

I.

MY God, what war my heart sustains!
Distracted thus by diff'rent aims,
I seem too diff'rent men:
Faithful to thee while one prevails;
As fails his pow'r, my duty fails,
I soon revolt again.

II.

Rous'd by the one to things divine,
I now my thoughts to Heav'n confine,
And deem all else as dross:
And now enslav'd by sin's controul,
To earth's low cares I bend my soul,
'Till these my thoughts engross.

III.

Exhausted thus by inward strife,
I try to wake new pow'rs of life;
But vain my efforts prove:

I try; yet such my cruel fate,
I still pursue the ill I hate,
And shun the good I love*.

IV.

O grace divine! O heav'nly ray!
Thy soothing influence quick display,
And give me peace within:
Subdue the man averse from thee;
Thy joyful vot'ry then I'll be,
The slave no more of sin.

THE WIDOW'S TRUST.

A Paraphrase on Jer. xlix. 11.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will protect them,
And let thy widows trust in Me."

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

Written in her Husband's last Illness.

I.

"Why is thy heart with grief opprest?
And why hath sorrow fill'd thy breast?
These flowing tears restrain;

* ——— "video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor" OVID. MET. l. 7. ver. 20.
I see the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.
TATE.

Still to thy Maker's will divine,
Submissive bow, nor dare repine
At aught he shall ordain!"

II.

"Commit thyself to me, thy Lord,
Repose thyself upon my word,
And in my truth confide;
Thy tender babes shall be my care,
I'll guard thee from each hurtful snare,
And for their wants provide."

III.

"If they my statutes shall observe,
I them from evil will preserve,
And be their constant friend;
I'll bless them with my saving grace,
I'll lead them thro' the paths of peace,
To joys that never end."

IV.

"No longer then in sadness grieve,
But in my promises believe,
Which stedfast are and sure;
Thy dearest comforts now resign,
And raise thy thoughts to joys divine,
And to the end endure."

V.

Here then, my soul, securely rest,
Nor let one anxious fear molest,
Or more disturb my peace,
Whate'er thy Maker shall decree
Is wise, and good, and best for thee,
His ways are righteousness.

VI.

And then, dear partner of my heart,
Repine not, though we now must part,
But with submission bow,
For he who crown'd our marriage state
With blessings numerous and great,
Can higher bliss bestow.

VII.

United by the tend'rest love,
Severe indeed the stroke will prove
That shall that union rend;
Tho' painful now to part, yet soon
We meet where sorrow is unknown,
Where joy shall never end.

RESIGNATION.

I.

WHEN thy great mercies, Lord of all,
My soul in gratitude surveys,
Before thy throne I prostrate fall,
And tune my humble notes to praise.

But while Joy leads the festive train,
And hides wan Care that lurks behind,
To rack the joints exists no pain,
No tender pang to wound the mind?

II.

Death, steel'd to ev'ry mortal pray'r,
May break connection's dearest tie,
The bonds of love in sunder tear,
And load the soul with misery;

Call forth despair and frantic rage,
Bid Sorrow's murky glooms arise,
Nor suffer pity to assuage
Our heart-felt throbs, or stop our sighs.

III.

Life's chequer'd with as various woes,
As flow'rs th' uncertain path adorn;
Ne'er shall we pluck the sweetest rose,
And not the sharp attendant thorn.

But by afflictive troubles crost,
Shall man of bounteous Heav'n complain?
Tho' on a sea of anguish tost,
Eternal Providence arraign?

IV.

Far be the thought.—Bend, bend the knee,
Bow down before His adverse rod;
Obey in silence Heav'n's decree,
And kiss the chastening hand of God.

Religion, come! to heal our woe,
Thy softly-soothing balm apply;
Teach us to bear Misfortune's blow,
Teach us to suffer—and to die. C. W.

THE INFANT;

OR,

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BY THE REV. JAMES MERRICK.

I.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to explain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature *Man*.

II.

That Infant, whose advancing hour,
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of Sin's transmissive power!)
That Infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Tho' long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what its cure.

III.

Author of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

Oh! let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

IV.

And oh! by Error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Preposterous, shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good Thou knowest grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

ON A CHILD FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

BY DR. COTTON.

I.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling,
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flow'rs of Eve's embower'd dwelling,
Are, my fair one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek,
How the bud its sweets discloses,
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

II.

Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty,
Blossom, fade, and die away;
Then pursue good-sense and duty,
Evergreens, which ne'er decay.

LIFE, A FLOWER.

BY THE REV. J. WESLEY.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of God shall stand for ever. ISAIAH xl. 6. 8.

I.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noonday heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

II.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

III.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shews;
Fairer than Spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

IV.

Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

V.

Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

VI.

Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If Heav'n will recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
For firm the word of God remains.

HUMILITY.

BY THE REV. J. WESLEY.

I.

'TIS not because I sprung from nought,
I bow with lowliness of thought;
All but the Trinity Most High
Was nothing once as well as I.

II.

'Tis not because I dwell in clay,
Subject to sickness and decay;
This flesh, if rightly I controul,
'Tis no pollution to my soul.

III.

'Tis not because this carcase, dead,
Will worms and putrefaction breed;
'Tis well, as if from thence should come
The violet's and the rose's bloom.

IV.

No, I shall ne'er deject my heart,
By thinking on my mortal part;
Tho' mean, tho' base, tho' vile it be,
'Twill put on immortality.

V.

'Tis not because dependant here,
I poorly fill a narrow sphere:
To cast our destin'd lot aside,
Is not Humility, but Pride.

VI.

'Tis not because in life below
I little act, and little know;
In knowledge and in pow'r there's none
Unlimited, but God alone.

VII.

What! in myself then can I find
No cause for lowliness of mind?
Ah, yes! for *sin* what thought can bear!
'Tis there I sink! 'tis wholly there!

THE RETIREMENT.

BY THE REV. JOHN NORRIS.

I.

WELL, I have thought on't, and I find
This busy world is nonsense all;
I here despair to please my mind,
Her sweetest honey is so mixt with gall.
Come, then, I'll try how 'tis to be alone,
Live to myself awhile, and be my own.

II.

I've try'd and bless the happy change;
So happy, I could almost vow
Never from this retreat to range,
For sure I ne'er can be so blest as now.
From all th' allays of bliss I here am free,
I pity others, and none envy me.

III.

Here in this shady lonely grove,
I sweetly think my hours away,
Neither with business vex'd, nor love,
Which in the world bear such tyrannic sway:
No tumults can my close apartments find,
Calm as those seats above, which know no storm nor wind.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

BY COWLEY.

I.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

II.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou,
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what can'st find
That it hath left behind?

III.

Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

IV.

But his past life, who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, thou art mine heir;
That man extends Life's natural brevity
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

THE EAGLE.*

Tune, The Streamlet that flow'd round her Cot.

I.

THE Eagle, confin'd in his cage,
Firm is fix'd on the heav'ns his eyes;
'Gainst his bars he a warfare doth wage,
And he burns from his bondage to rise.

* See A POETICAL EPISTLE to ANSTEY, ON THE ENGLISH POETS, and

BISHOP HORNE'S ESSAYS AND THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS at the end of his Life by Jones: Article, *Characters and Actions of Remarkable Persons*, §. 22. An elegant Pocket Edition of this admirable and entertaining Work, together with the Bishop's Poems, and his Papers from the Ollapodrida, is lately published by Messrs. Rivingtons.

II.

So the soul, in her sad house of clay,
Oft in vain to soar off hath she striv'n;
She pants for the regions of day,
And to find out her home in the heav'n.

J.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

FROM DR. PARNELL.

I.

SEE the star that leads the day,
Rising shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heav'n above and earth below;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night.

II.

From a heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground;
Send Devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before or with the sun.

III.

Lift thy hands and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air;
The sacred spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams upon thy breast.

IV.

See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the top of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings:
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
To God's appointments still resign'd.

V.

And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet;
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.

VI.

O, Giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

SOLITUDE.

BY THE REV. W. JONES, OF NAYLAND.

I.

HAIL, Solitude! how sweet thy shade,
For holy contemplation made!
Far from the world, no more I see
That stage of sin and vanity.

II.

While nations rage, my ravish'd sight,
I lift to realms of peace and light,
And hear celestial voices sing
The praise of their IMMORTAL KING.

III.

Here would I sit to peace consign'd,
And leave a troubled world behind,
'Till angels waft me hence, to rest
In Paradise among the blest.

THE INN.

BY BISHOP HORNE.

I.

FROM much-lov'd friends whene'er I part,
A pensive sadness fills my heart;
Past scenes my fancy wanders o'er,
And sighs to think they are no more.

II.

Along the road I musing go,
O'er many a deep and miry slough:
The shrouded moon withdraws her light,
And leaves me to the gloomy night.

III.

An Inn receives me, where unknown
I solitary sit me down:
Many I hear, and some I see.
I nought to them, they nought to me.

IV.

Thus in these regions of the dead
A pilgrim's wand'ring life I lead,
And still at ev'ry step declare,
I've no abiding city here;

V.

For very far from hence I dwell,
And therefore bid the world farewell,
Finding of all the joys it gives
A sad remembrance only lives.

VI.

Rough stumbling-stones my steps o'erthrow,
And lay a wand'ring sinner low;
Yet still my course to heav'n I steer,
Tho' neither moon nor stars appear!

VII.

The world is like an Inn; for there
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear;
While undisturb'd a Christian waits,
And reads, and writes, and meditates.

VIII.

Tho' in the dark oft-times I stray,
The Lord shall light me on my way,
And to the City of the Sun
Conduct me when my journey's done.

IX.

There to these eyes shall he be seen,
Who sojourn'd for me in an Inn;
On Sion's hill I those shall hail,
From whom I parted in the vale.

X.

Why am I heavy then and sad,
When thoughts like these should make me glad?
Muse then no more on things below;
Arise, my soul, and let us go.

RETIREMENT.

Addressed to a young Lady, who left London to enjoy the Advantages of a religious Retirement in the Country.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HAPPY, highly favour'd maid,
From the noise of folly fled,
Like the silver-pinion'd dove,
To the land of peace and love,
Not a moment would'st thou stay,
When thou hear'st thy Saviour say,
" Rise, my fair one, come away."
Knowing, if thou didst repair
To holy solitude and pray'r,
He, who call'd, would meet thee there.

II.

In Retirement thou shalt know
Joys religion can bestow.
He shall of them all partake,
Who could earthly joys forsake;
Youthful pleasures who could fly,
Crackling thorns that blaze and die,
And in thorns of beauty shew'd
How to quit the world for God:
In the still sequester'd hour
Gay delusions tempt no more:

III.

Pride and envy soon are dead,
Wantonness and folly fled.
In whose places we may see
The lov'd grace Humility;
As at Bethl'em she was spy'd
Waiting by the manger's side:
Charity from heav'n descending,
Hand and heart to all extending;
Innocence, as noon-day bright,
All array'd in lily white:

IV.

Wisdom, born and bred on high,
Guide of mortals to the sky,
Still, with sweet, tho' pensive look,
Musing on the Mystic Book.
All of these we seek in vain
In "the busy hum of men."
They shun the mad fantastic croud,
Giddy, thoughtless, light and loud.
In the mind preserv'd sedate,
Meek and quiet they are met;

V.

'Tis in bosoms such as thine,
All with beams united shine.
Let the world, in sneering tone
Ridicule and censure on,

Till in men and angel's sight
Death and judgment prove thee right,
And manifest to ev'ry heart
Thou hast chose the better part;
Happy, highly favour'd maid,
From the noise of folly fled!

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

SING, Jehovah, man become
Offspring of the virgin's womb:
Ev'ry age and sex adore
Love supreme and boundless pow'r.
In triumphant shouts of praise,
All, at once, your voices raise:
All, in harmony conspire,
Full and perfect be the choir.

II.

Sons of Levi, lead the band,
Quickly rouse each slumbering land;
On the silver trumpets' swell
Tidings of salvation tell;

Tender youths and virgins fair,
Hallelujah's all prepare;
With the softly-warbling flute
Join the sweetly-sounding lute.

III.

Happy souls, advanc'd in grace,
Louder chaunt Jehovah's praise;
Wake the harp thro' ev'ry string,
To the high-tun'd cymbal sing.
Hark! the pealing organ's voice!
All with one accord rejoice;
All, in cheerful happy union cry,
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH!!!

MORNING HYMN ON EASTER DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HARK! the shrill herald of the morn
Begins the sons of men to warn,
And bids them all arise,
To celebrate his great renown,
Who sends the light refulgent down,
To bless our longing eyes.

II.

At this the fainting shadows die,
The pow'rs of darkness swiftly fly
Before the morning star;
Pale trembling murder dares not stay,
And fiends abash'd at sight of day,
Back to their den repair.

III.

'Tis this the weary sailor cheers,
Who now no more the tempest hears,
Which morning bids to cease;
O come that day-spring from on high,
When Discord shall with darkness fly,
And all be light and peace!

IV.

'Twas this that drew repentant tears
From Peter, led by worldly fears
His Master to disown;
Warn'd by the monitor of day,
He cast the night of works away,
And sought th' abjured sun.

V.

Whene'er the bird of dawing crows,
He tells us all how Peter rose*,
And mark'd us out the road;

* It was about to speak when the *Cock crew*,
And then it *started like a guilty thing*

That each disciple might begin,
Awake, like him, from sleep and sin,
To think betimes on God.

VI.

"Smote by the eye that looks on all *,"
Let us, obedient to the call,
Arise to weep and pray;
'Till mournful, as on sin we muse,
Faith, like an angel, tells the news,
"The Lord is ris'n to-day!"

A GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Translated from a Latin Hymn used at Magdalen College, Oxford.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THEE, mighty Father, we adore,
And praise thy name for evermore;
Whose bounty feeds all Adam's race,
And cheers the hungry soul with grace.

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The Cock that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding note
Awake, &c.
It faded on the crowing of the cock.
* * * * * *
The *bird of dawning*—

HAMLET, A& I. Scene I.

* See YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS. N. II, l. 1.

II.

Great co-eternal Son, to thee,
With one consent, we bow the knee;
For our salvation man become,
Thou didst not scorn the virgin's womb.

III.

The Paschal Lamb, foreshewn of old,
In thee, sweet Jesu! we behold,
And pardon thro' thy blood receive,
While on the cross we look and live.

IV.

Thee too, all-hallow'd mystic Dove,
We ever bless, and ever love:
Thy wonders how shall we declare?
The Lord was born, the virgin bare!

V.

Almighty everlasting Three,
No other God we have but thee;
Thy glorious works, immortal King,
In triumph thus we daily sing.

THE GARDENER.

BY MRS. COWPER.

I.

AH! how dismay'd the gardener sees
The lovely blossoms on his trees
By noxious worms annoy'd;
His fruits maturing to the sight,
Despoil'd by some untimely blight,
And all his hopes destroy'd!

II.

But when the favour'd plants appear
In all the beauty of the year,
He eyes the promis'd good:
What transports in his bosom glow,
To see the branches bending low,
Beneath their prospering load.

III.

Thus may the heavenly Gardener see
My faith still flourish like a tree
Beneath his skilful care;
Secure my boughs from cold and blight,
And view, well-pleas'd and with delight,
Himself the fruit they bear.

IV.

Hast thou the gracious work begun?
Then shine, thou all-prolific sun,
And cheer my drooping powers:
Ah! save from the rude blast of sin,
From every lurking foe within,
That light and life devours.

V.

If thus my garden thou attend,
My branches too with fruit shall bend,
And yield a goodly store;
No drought shall fear, shall never pine,
Engrafted on the real vine,
And fenc'd by sovereign power.

EVENING HYMN.

BY THE SAME.

I.

TEN thousand mercies from the Lord
Have I this day enjoy'd:
How should each grateful moment be
In prayer and praise employ'd?

II.

But tho' the transient day be fled,
Gone, like the passing wind;
What is the record, O my soul,
That it has left behind?

III.

Was it a day mis-spent or lost,
Or thriftily improv'd,
And given to what concerns thee most,
And should be most belov'd?

IV.

Brought it sweet savour forth to God?
Shall He approve thy day?
Accept the fruit that it has borne,
Or cast it all away?

V.

What says the witness in my breast,
That monitor within!
It sends thee to the throne of grace,
Acknowledging thy sin.

VI.

Each night, my soul, thy walk review,
And all thy guilt confess;
Nor close thine eyes 'till thou hast sought
In Christ the promis'd peace.

VII.

There is a day, my soul, at hand—
O may that day be thine!—
Whose beams no cloud shall ever shade,
Whose sun shall ne'er decline.

THE PROTECTOR.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHEN wing'd with gay prosperity
The hours unheeded flew,
A gracious God protected me
From ills I never knew.

II.

Tho' louring skies on me descend,
And rugged paths I tread,
His "friendly staff" shall still defend,
And lift my fainting head.

III.

Sometimes along the briery way
Undaunted I shall go;
Amidst the thorns unwounded stray,
Nor heed the watchful foe.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry rayless providence,
My strengthen'd steps pursue
The promise of Omnipotence,
A God forever true.

V.

When night has canopied the sky,
We view the milky way:
So Faith can dart from earth her eye,
And find immortal day.

PRAISE.

From " EUPOLIS'S HYMN TO THE CREATOR."

I.

THE feather'd fowls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there,
The lark, precentor of the choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,

II.

Listen and learn;—th' angelic notes,
Repeating in their warbling throats;
And ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to praise their lords below:

III.

On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The evening anthem swells their breast;
Thus, like thy golden chain from high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

THE HAND ABOVE.

I.

THE beasts, and fowls, and all their brood,
Come night and morning for their food;
The hand that feedeth them they know,
And to it grateful homage shew.

II.

Shall Christians, then, the Hand Above
Not know, who daily pours down love,
And blessings from his boundless stores,
Who feeds and keeps both us and ours.

III.

Let man and wife, each little one,
And servants morn and evening join,
In every household, rich and poor,
Our God and Father to adore,
From this time forth for evermore.

A HYMN.

I.

MY soul, with gratitude sincere,
Before thy Maker humbly bend;
Thank him for all his mercies here,
Those mercies that will never end.

II.

Who was it brought thee forth from nought,
To life, to knowledge, and to bliss?
The mighty God—can he have wrought
For man such happiness amiss?

III.

Vain dreaming sceptic! blindly led
To passion's force a willing slave;
Nourish the doubts by darkness bred,
And sink with sorrow to the grave.

IV.

But thou, my soul, devoutly praise
Thy God, and fear no evil nigh;
He from the dead has power to raise,
And bear thee to blest realms on high.

E.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY DR. COTTON.

I.

LORD of my life, inspire my song,
To thee my noblest powers belong;
Grant me thy favourite seraph's flame,
To sing the glories of thy name.

II.

My birth, my fortune, friends, and health,
My knowledge too, superior wealth!
Lord of my life, to Thee I owe;
Teach me to practise what I know.

III.

Ten thousand favours claim my song,
And each demands an angel's tongue;
Mercy sits smiling on the wings
Of every moment as it springs.

IV.

But oh! with infinite surprize
I see returning years arise;
When unimprov'd the former score,
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more!

V.

Thousands this period hop'd to see;
Deny'd to thousands, granted me;
Thousands! that weep, and wish, and pray
For those rich hours I throw away.

VI.

The tribute of my heart receive,
'Tis the poor *all* I have to give;
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest
The bleeding traitor from my breast.

HYMN BEFORE MORNING SERVICE.

BY THE REV. W. MASON.

Adapted to an Air of PLEYELL'S.

I.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest.
When, like his own, he bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

II.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
From "vain deceit and false philosophy,"
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

III.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey,
In pure Religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence and join in prayer.

IV.

So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive
That only tribute, man has pow'r to give,
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

A SUNDAY HYMN.

BY DR. COTTON.

I.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the Heav'ns arise.

II.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

III.

Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high,
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With world's beneath the sky.

IV.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To heav'n their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his favourite race,
As Father and as Friend.

V.

Oh! may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

CHARITY:

A Hymn.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

I.

NOR Faith, nor Hope, whate'er their force,
Can aught avail the soul,
Should Charity not guide its course,
To Glory's heavenly goal.

II.

The Songs of Wisdom, tho' they soar
To notes that seraphs swell;
If she be wanting, are no more
Than Folly's tinkling bell.

III.

A thousand shapes, as bright as morn,
Sweet Charity assumes,
And all the hues of heav'n adorn
Her variegated plumes.

IV.

'Tis she with Consolation's voice,
That stills Affliction's storm,
She bids despairing Want rejoice,
In Bounty's radiant form.

V.

But in what 'semblance is she seen,
That more her power endears;
Than when, with mild *Instruction*'s mien,
Her INFANT TRAIN she rears.

VI.

Then she the earth-bound spirit lifts
Above the valley's clod;
Then gives the richest of her gifts,
The knowledge of her God.

A HYMN.

For the Children of a Sunday School.

BY W. COWPER*.

I.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In heav'n, thy dwelling place;
From infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.

II.

Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play,
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

* Written for the children of the Sunday-School at East-Dereham, in Norfolk, and now first published.

III.

Thanks that we hear—but O! impart
To each desires sincere;
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

IV.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage,
Of elder far than we;
What hope that at our heedless age,
Our minds should e'er be free.

V.

Much hope—if Thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway:
Who can'st the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they.

VI.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows—
A sun that ne'er declines!—
And be thy mercies shower'd on those
Who plac'd us where it shines.

HYMN.

FOR THE SAME.

I.

LET our notes to heaven ascend,
Raise to God the grateful song;
God, whose bounties know no end,
To whom all might and power belong;
Whose mercy sav'd us, thus to raise
Our songs of gratitude and praise.

II.

Sweet the strains the shepherd sung,
To soothe the griefs of Israel's king;
With sweetest strains all nature rung,
When God was hail'd near Siloe's spring;
But sweeter still, when Infants raise
Their songs of gratitude and praise.

III.

Pure the joys that reign above,
When he repents, who God has brav'd;
Pure the joys of Christian love,
To see this host from misery sav'd,
To virtue rear'd, and taught to raise
To heaven their grateful notes of praise.

IV.

Source of Mercy! thee we hail;
Hear, O hear, our infant prayer;
Aid, O aid, if woes assail;
Continue still thy heavenly care:
And so will we our voices raise
To thee in songs of endless praise.

THE GLORY OF GOD: A Hymn.

From "THE BABLER, NO. XVI."

BY HUGH KELLY.

Tune, How cheerful along the gay Mead.

I.

THE lark, now high soaring in air,
Salutes the first blush of the morn,
And the roses new incense prepare.
To breathe on the dew-dropping thorn;
Fresh feelings instinctively spring
In the steer, as he turns up the clod;
And creation itself seems to sing,
In the honour and glory of GOD.

II.

In what sensual mazes with-held,
Is man now unhappily lost!
In the rage of what passion impell'd,
On the sea of what vice is he tost!

O! instantly let him proclaim,
What the herbage all tells on the sod;
And if gratitude cannot, let shame,
Awake to the praises of GOD.

III.

The eye of some maid in despair,
Does his perjury fatally dim?
Or some breast does he cruelly tear,
That beats, and beats only for him?
All swift as the lightning's keen blaze,
Let him humble before the dread rod,
Nor join, so unhallow'd, in praise
To the honour and glory of GOD.

IV.

Some law does he madly defy,
Which the BEING OF BEINGS commands?
The bolt ready lifted on high,
Shall dash him to dust as he stands:
In thunder Omnipotence breaks,
Fall prostrate, O wretch! at his nod;
See earth to her centre deep shakes,
All dismay'd at the voice of her GOD.

V.

Life's road let me cautiously view,
And no longer disdain to be wise;
But redden such paths to pursue,
As my reason should hate or despise;

To crown both my age and my youth,
Let me mark where Religion has trod;
Since nothing but virtue and truth
Can reach to the throne of my God.

DAILY HYMN.

W. W.

I.

TO Thee, my God, at early dawn,
My waking thoughts ascend,
On Thee I fix my fondest hopes,
With Thee my wishes end.

II.

When noon darts forth its cheering ray,
I feel thy heavenly hand,
And sweetly do the busy hours
Move on at thy command.

III.

When nightly slumbers seize my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
I lay me down in peace, and give
My weary limbs to rest.

IV.

From rising morn to setting day,
I'll then my song pursue,
And Thee alone will praise, to whom
Alone my praise is due.

THE GOD OF NATURE.

A Paraphrase on Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

The Day is Thine, the Night also is Thine, Thou hast prepared the Light and the Sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the Earth; thou hast made Summer and Winter.

BY MISS WILLIAMS.

I.

MY God! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night, and Thou the day!
When all Thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

II.

Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade:
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,

Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.

III.

In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The caverns depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

IV.

As o'er the work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh! never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise!

A SHEEP-SHEARING HYMN.

From PSALM lxv.

BY DR. WATTS.

I.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures ev'ry Spring,
And bids the grass appear.

II.

The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command,
Thy wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

III.

The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

IV.

The little hills on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling showers,
The meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

V.

The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

VI.

The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways?
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

A HARVEST HYMN.

From PSALM LXV.

BY DR. WATTS.

I.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

II.

The morning light and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
The plenteous fruits make Harvest glad,
And flow'rs adorn the Spring.

III.

Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The Author is divine.

IV.

Those wandering cisterns of the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

V.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
The ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

HARVEST PSALM.

From PSALM cvii. v. 32.

BY MERRICK.

I.

GOD bids; and lo! a burning waste,
Where roll'd the floods before;
And, touch'd by the descending blast,
The springs are seen no more.

II.

Sad witness of some dire offence,
Behold the fertile soil
No more its wonted gifts dispense,
But mock the tiller's toil.

III.

He bids and o'er the desart wide,
The liquid lake is spread;
New springs the thirsty earth divide,
And murm'ring lift the head.

IV.

There myriads, late with hunger wan,
By him assembled, meet;
There pleas'd the future city plan,
And fix their sure retreat.

V.

And now they sow the foodful grain,
The tender vine they rear,
Now waves the harvest o'er the plain,
And plenty crowns the year.

VI.

Blest in his care, the sires with joy
A numerous race behold;
Nor dares disease their herds annoy,
Or waste the peopled fold.

HARVEST PSALM.

From PSALM cxlvii. v. 7.

BY MERRICK.

I.

LET ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry chord,
Exalt the name of Jacob's Lord,
Whose hand with clouds the heav'n obscures,
On earth the genial moisture pours.

II.

He bids the herb its mantle spread,
Luxuriant o'er the mountain's head,
Gives to the beasts their wonted food,
And stills the raven's clam'rous brood.

III.

If o'er the plain the battle bleed,
His watchful eye the strengthful steed
Regards not, nor the chiefs whose feet
Unmov'd the shock of legions meet.

IV.

On you, in whom his fear resides,
On you, whose heart in him confides,
His grace its signals shall bestow,
His arm with conquest bind your brow.

V.

O Solyma, his lov'd abode,
Him praise unceasing! bless thy God,
O Sion, who thy gates has barr'd,
Whose various gifts thy sons have shar'd.

VI.

His visits teach thy grateful soil
To recompence the tiller's toil;
He crowns with peace thy happy plain;
Calls from the glebe the purest grain.

VII.

O come, your thankful voices join,
And bless the Majesty Divine:
His praise, to Time's remotest day,
His pow'r in sacred notes display.

SAILORS' PSALM.

From PSALM cvii. v. 23.

BY MERRICK.

I.

WHO o'er the waves from shore to shore
The gifts of Commerce bear,
The wonders of the deep explore,
And own that God is there.

II.

By these his works are seen; his ways
By these are understood;
He speaks the word; the storm obeys,
And rising lifts the flood.

III.

Now high as heav'n the bark ascends,
Now seeks the depth below;
Each heart beneath the terror bends,
And melts with inward woe.

IV.

As gorg'd with wine, in wild amaze
They reel from side to side;
Nor hope survives, their souls to raise
Nor reason wakes to guide.

V.

Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r;
Obedient to his will,
The storms that rag'd their rage forbear,
The seas that roar'd are still.

VI.

Each grief, each fear, at once resign'd,
They see their labour o'er;
Then, led by him, their haven find,
And touch the wish'd-for shore.

VII.

O then, that all would bless his name,
Whose mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love.

VIII.

That Salem, in her sacred shrine,
His praise with thankful tongue,
Would utter; while her elders join
To swell the festal song.

HYMN ON A DAY OF PRAYER FOR SUCCESS IN WAR.

BY MRS. ANN STEEL.

I.

LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just, a holy God?

Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face!
Yet Mercy calls us to thy feet;
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

II.

O may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim;
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name!

With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field:
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

III.

Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble prayer,
Again be mercy thy delight!

Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain,
'Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.

IV.

O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall be no more;
When Peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore?

When shall the Gospel's healing ray—
Kind source of amity divine!——
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

PSALM VIII.

BY CHRISTOPHER PITT.

I.

O KING, eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heav'ns thy throne.

II.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

III.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy pow'r,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never spoke before
Shall labour in thy cause.

IV.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heav'ns around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd;

V.

Who in their dance attend the moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light:

VI.

Lord! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care?

VII.

Next to the blest angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd
To dignify his span.

VIII.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign;
The flocks that thro' the vallies stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

IX.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

X.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king at awful distance dread,
And sullenly obey.

XI.

O Lord, how far extends thy name;
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

HYMN:

From PSALM cxlviii.

BY DR. J. OGILVIE.

I.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

II.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

III.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

IV.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gay ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

V.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

VI.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps, below.

VII.

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

VIII.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

IX.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects, flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise:
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

X.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plumy warblers of the Spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him, who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

XI.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
'Till heav'ns broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

XII.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd by the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

XIII.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

INTERCESSION.

BY THE REV. MR. ROWTH.

I.

WHEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued:

II.

With what success, what wond'rous grace
Was his petition crown'd,
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous could be found.

III.

And, could a single pious soul
To such a boon obtain?
Good God! and shall a nation cry
And sue to Thee in vain?

IV.

Britain, all-guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast,
See their united prayers ascend,
And shall those prayers be lost?

V.

Are not our righteous dear to Thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this hapless land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

VI.

Still we are thine: we bear thy name:
Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence bless'd this land,
Forsake us not, O God!

VII.

Oh! may our people, priest, and king
Thy choicest blessings share,
And know thee by thy glorious name,
THE LORD WHO HEARETH PRAYER.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

From PROV. iii.

BY THE REV. J. LOGAN.

I.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who Celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

II.

For she has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

III.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years,
And in her left the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

IV.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

V.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

CHARITY.

Imitated from 1 Cor. xiii.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GRAVES.

I.

THO' streams of elocution flow'd
More tuneful from my tongue
Than e'er on mortal lips have glow'd,
Or grac'd an angel's song;

With all the knowledge were I stor'd,
That swells each learned tome;
Had I all mysteries explor'd,
Past, present, or to come:

II.

Each day with ostentatious pride
Were my superfluous store,
Nay all my fund of wealth, apply'd
To clothe or feed the poor:

To seal the truth could I submit,
With constancy of soul,
Or yet in various tongues transmit
That truth from pole to pole:

III.

Had I the faith of Abraham shar'd,
And mountains could remove:
Yet what are all these gifts, compar'd
With Charity or Love?

Vain as the tinkling cymbal's sound
Were all these pompous deeds:
The soul where Charity is found,
Each boasted grace exceeds.

IV.

True Charity its aid extends,
To fiercest foes is kind:
Patient and gentle to her friends,
To all their frailties blind.

By no suspicious fears misled,
She always hopes the best:
No selfish views of gain are bred
Or harbour'd in her breast.

V.

Nor envy nor ambition knows,
Nor loves the slanderous tale:
From purer source her pleasure flows—
To see the truth prevail.

When all these outward gifts are lost,
And tongues and knowledge fail:
True Charity her power may boast;
Her charms shall still prevail.

VI.

'Till perfect in the realms of light
Her banners she'll display;
Whilst human virtues from the sight,
Like vapours melt away.

When yet a child, with ev'ry toy
And trifle I was charm'd:
Each transient bliss, each idle joy,
My breast with rapture warm'd.

VII.

But, when a man, and grown more wise,
These trifles please no more;
I look with cold disgusted eyes
On all that pleas'd before.

Thus earthly joys, like shadows vain,
Reflected from a glass,
Our fancy for a while detain,
And in a moment pass.

VIII.

But man, 'midst heav'n's unclouded beams,
More perfect bliss will know;
Where pleasure in unceasing streams
From God's right hand shall flow.

Fruition Hope; and Faith, above,
Shall certainly obtain:
But Charity alone, and Love,
Eternally shall reign.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GRAVES.

I.

WRETCH that I am! what friendly pow'r
Shall fix my wavering soul,
Teach me to seize the present hour,
And Custom's charms controul?

Why thus persist from day to day,
To err, in Wisdom's spite?
I see my path—why then delay
What Reason tells me's right.

II.

The *present* day th' attempt is vain;
We've *something* still to *do:*
But when to-morrow comes, 'tis plain
That will be present too:

And then the same reluctant will,
T' attend th' ungrateful theme,
Will thwart our resolutions still,
And frustrate ev'ry scheme.

III.

How soon, amidst these faint resolves,
The Spring of life is o'er!
How quick each annual sun revolves!
But—youth returns no more.

Manhood to youth, and, soon, old age
To manhood's strength succeeds:
O! then let each successive stage
Be mark'd by virtuous deeds.

IV.

Whilst yet your strength of mind remains,
Resist the rising storm:
Break loose from Passion's irksome chains,
And every vice reform.

"Dare to be wise! begin" to-day,
Nor trust uncertain fate:
Your long-plann'd reformation may
To-morrow come too late.

V.

To-morrow, oh! how oft you swore
To change your course, my friend!
Thus 'twill be always one day more,
Ere you begin to mend.

"When once I've finish'd *this* affair,
My actions I'll review:
And when I've brought *that* scheme to bear,
Begin my life anew."

VI.

The idiot, thus, who saw his way
Across the river lie,
Resolv'd upon its banks to stay,
Till all the stream ran by.

But torrents, with united force,
Augment the copious river;
Which proudly still pursues its course,
And murmuring flows forever.

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

Altered by DR. WATTS.

(See his 3d Discourse on the World to come.)

I.

LIFE, and the scenes that round it rise,
Share in the same uncertainties.
Yet still we hug ourselves with vain presage
Of future days serene and long,
Of pleasures fresh, and ever strong,
An active youth, and slow declining age.

II.

Like a fair prospect still we make
Things future pleasing forms to take:
First, verdant meads arise, and flow'ry fields;
Cool groves and shady copses here,
There brooks and winding streams appear,
While change of objects still new pleasures yields.

III.

Farther fine castles court the eye,
There wealth and honours we espie,
Beyond a huddled mixture fills the stage,
'Till the remoter distance shrouds
The plains with hills, those hills with clouds,
There we place Death behind old shivering Age.

IV.

When Death, alas! perhaps too nigh,
In the next hedge doth skulking lie,
There plants his engines, thence lets fly his dar.
Which, while we ramble without fear,
Will stop us in our full career,
And force us from our airy dreams to part.

TO THE ATHEIST.

BY SHEPHERD.

I.

EXPATIATE long in nice debate
On chance, necessity, and fate;
With learn'd Lucretius stray
In Epicurus' magic grove,
Where the self-motion'd atoms rove
In mazy mystic play.

II.

Some vain hypothesis admit,
The specious cobweb-work of wit;
And daringly deny
What ev'ry object round avows,
What ev'ry act of reason shows,
An all-wise Deity!

III.

The clearest evidence contest
Divinely stamp'd on ev'ry breast,
Since Time was taught to roll;
In Error's gloomy coverts stray,
From Truth's indisputable ray
Remote, as pole from pole.

IV.

So shuts the moping bird of night,
Her feeble eyes against the light,
That glads the cheerful day;
And when prevailing darkness reigns,
Thro' groves obscure or dreary plains,
She wings her dubious way.

V.

Consult the blue expanse on high,
The blush that paints the morning sky,
The cloud that nimbly rides;
The orbs that mark with lustre bright
The spangled mantle of the night,
Who there supreme resides.

VI.

Question the gaudy scenes around,
That scent the air, or paint the ground,
Whose influence they obey;
Whose hand imparts the various dyes,
At whose command they bud and rise,
At whose command decay.

VII.

Say, ye on down, or mountain steep,
"That stately tread, or lowly creep*;"
And ye aerial throng,
That cheer the woodland scene and fields
With vocal strains, whose bounty yields
Or sustenance or song?

VIII.

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,
The tenants of the wat'ry plain
With lib'ral hand supplies?
The floods in icy fetters binds,
Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,
Or bids the tempest rise.

IX.

Nature, in ev'ry mystic scene
Declares a plastic Author's reign;
Above the morning's wings,
Beyond the seas remotest tides,
Beneath the dædal earth, resides
Th' Almighty King of kings.

* Milton, Par. Lost. B. v. l. 201.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

BY C. SMART.

I.

WHEN Israel's* ruler on the royal bed
In anguish and in perturbation lay,
The down reliev'd not his anointed head,
And rest gave place to horror and dismay.
Fast flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gasping sigh,
When God's own prophet thunder'd—*Monarch, thou must die.*

II.

And must I go, th' illustrious mourner cry'd,
I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime has died
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,—
Like David, who have still rever'd thy word,
The sov'reign of myself, and servant of the Lord!

* Hezekiah. See 2 Kings xx, and Isaiah xxxviii.

III.

The judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
Shot from that heaven to which his sighs had soar'd;
The sun retreated at his Maker's nod,
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

IV.

But, O immortals! what had I to plead
When death stood o'er me with his threat'ning lance,
When reason left me in the time of need,
And sense was lost in terror or in trance;
My sinking soul was with my blood inflam'd,
And the celestial image sunk, defac'd and maim'd.

V.

I sent back memory, in heedful guise,
To search the records of preceding years;
Home, like the raven* to the ark, she flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears.
O Sun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly shade!

* Gen. viii. 7.

VI.

But who are they that bid affliction cease!—
Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
Vengeance divine's by penitence supprest—
She struggles with the angel*, conquers, and is blest.

VII.

Yet, hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair!
In man humility's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes he's Christ's own care—
O all-sufficient Lamb! in Death's dread hour,
Thy merits who shall slight, or who shall doubt thy power?

VIII.

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gentle in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more;
To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder and adore.

* Gen. xxxii. 24—28.

IX.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
Appear'd a widow to my frantic sight;
My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life and light;
I come, ye spotless sweets; I come again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt in vain.

X.

All glory to th' ETERNAL, to th' IMMENSE,
All glory to th' OMNISCIENT and the GOOD,
Whose pow'rs uncircumscrib'd, whose love's intense;
But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood.
Except thro' him—thro' him, who stands alone,
Of worth, of weight allow'd for all makind t' atone!

XI.

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd soul,
And to the blind gave or restor'd the day,—
Nay more,—far more unequal'd pangs sustain'd,
'Till his lost fallen flock his taintless blood regain'd.

XII.

My feeble part refus'd my body's weight,
Nor would my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd shook fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He pitying did a second birth bestow,
A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and woe.

XIII.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, th' enraptur'd lyre;
Ye heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words no more his mandates break,
But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

XIV.

O! Penitence, to Virtue near allied,
Thou can'st new joys e'en to the blest impart;
The list'ning angels lay their harps aside
To hear the music of thy contrite heart;
And heav'n itself wears a more radiant face,
When Charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

XV.

*Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold;
The garden's boast imperial is the rose:
Above all birds the sov'reign eagle soars;
The monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

XVI.

What can with great Leviathan compare,
Who takes his pastime in the mighty main?
What, like the sun, shines through the realms of air,
And gilds and glorifies th' etherial plain—
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway;
For all was made for him—to serve and to obey?

XVII.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, close by th' Almighty's throne,
In him she shines confest, who came to make her known.

* Pind. Olymp. 4.

XVIII.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the past the future may atone;
That I may act what thou hast giv'n to know,
That I may live for THEE and THEE alone,
And justify those sweetest words from heav'n,
"*That he shall love thee most to whom thou'st most forgiven**."

CREATOR SPIRIT;

Paraphrased from *Veni Creator Spiritus* in the Office of Ordination of Priests.

BY DRYDEN.

I.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

II.

O source of uncreated light,
Thy Father's promis'd Paraclete!

* Luke vii. 41—43.

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

III.

Plenteous of Grace! descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heav'n and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense.

IV.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

V.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
[That we escape the tempter's snares,
And all the woe his hate prepares.]

VI.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
[And follow thee with all our might,
'Till faith is swallow'd up in sight.]

VII.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

APPENDIX.

THE EDITOR is unwilling to pass by this opportunity, lest another should not occur, of recording an action of true courage and humanity; a debt which is due to the brave Deliverer of a fellow-creature from death, and a bright example to those who shall hear of it, whether in a similar, or any other cause for exercising humanity, to GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

ON

WILLIAM PEARCE,

THE BOXER,

(Vulgarly called *The Chicken*)

Rescuing a Young Woman, at Bristol, from perishing in a house in flames, Nov. 1807.

I.

IN BRISTOL CITY, while a house in flames
Fills the beholders with amazement dire,
A damsel, at an upper window claims
Their utmost pity, for th' approaching fire
With ev'ry moment seems to gather near,
Nor hope of rescue does there aught appear.

II.

At length, upon the neighb'ring house-top seen,
A gallant youth now hastens to her aid,
And o'er the fearful parapet does lean,
With spirit dauntless to assist the maid:
Endow'd by Heav'n with more than common might,
He grasps her arms, and draws her to the height.

III.

Oh! glorious act! oh! courage well applied!
Oh! strength exerted in its proper cause!
Thy name, O PEARCE, be sounded far and wide,—
Live, ever honour'd, 'midst the world's applause!
Be THIS THY TRIUMPH!—Know, ONE CREATURE SAV'D
IS GREATER GLORY THAN THE WORLD ENSLAV'D.

J. P.

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